

Give Mr. Legislator A Chance!

T

HE last session of the National Assembly has encouraged speculation concerning the position occupied by the legislative branch in the present set-up

of the Commonwealth Government. The total absence of an opposition group in that body save for sporadic blocs and the one-man challenge which heavily punctuated the session in the last hours has given rise to serious doubts of whether the National Assembly as now established and constituted is an adequate answer to the requirements of popular sovereignty.

Charges of the one-chamber legislature being a mere "rubber stamp" of the Administration have been made and denied. Accusations of executive interference with the work of the National Assembly have been advanced and explained away. The enforcement of "party discipline" on recalcitrant members has never been so intense as it is today.

Furthermore, the proximity of the elections has had a great deal to do with the attitude of the members of the last Assembly. Since the great majority of them were eager to be re-elected, it was to be expected that they should so act during the last days that they could stand safe and sound before the electorate upon what can immediately be known of their legislative record.

All these circumstances add up to a situation that is pregnant with debate. Assuming that the present position occupied by the National Assembly in the set-up of the Commonwealth Government leaves something to be desired, what possibilities for improvement, if any, are there?

Perhaps, a legislature in which there are two political parties more or less evenly matched in strength would remedy in great part the defect we have assumed. For whatever may be said in criticism of a two-party system with its

Two-Party System, Bicameralism Touch Only The Surface Of "Rubber-Stamp" Disease; Life Pension For Every Assemblyman Is Real Cure

By SALVADOR P. LOPEZ

interminable parliamentary debates and filibustering, there is no substitute for the open and thorough discussion of public matters by two opposing political parties on the floor of a popular assembly.

AGAIN, it is possible that the root of the trouble lies in some defect even more organic and fundamental than this. The comparative weakness of our present legislative body may be due to the fact that it is composed of a single chamber. It seems logical to suppose that a unicameral

legislature is more easily subject to control and dictation from without than would a two-chambered body.

Are the two-party system and bicameralism, then, the twin remedies of a political situation that most impartial observers believe far from what it ought to be? Two evenly matched political parties would make the thorough threshing out of public questions obligatory. A two-chambered legislature would make control and dictation from without much more difficult than it is today.

Conceding that these remedies are available, and that they can effect the improvements indicated, there would still remain the interesting question of whether everything would then just be right. For all these changes would mean no more than a return to a status we have already experienced with all the old defects that we already know.

We would still have to face the problem of the individual member of the National Assembly who is torn between loyalty to his duty and loyalty to his party, between the desire to be faithful to his conscience and his ambition to please his constituents.

For, after all, when you come to think of it, the strength of a legislative body, or of any group whatever, cannot be greater than the sum total of the individual strengths of the members that compose it. An alert, self-confident, and powerful National Assembly can only exist where the individual members are alert, self-confident, and powerful in themselves. And the members of the National Assembly cannot develop these qualities unless they have the opportunity to blossom out in freedom from pressure that can be applied on them any time.

THE remedy, as I see it, must be sought beyond the mere forms of a two-party system and a two-chambered legislature. Granting the importance of these, something would yet have to be done to strengthen the individual legislator, to nurture in him the spirit of true independence.

There is no job more difficult, more bewildering, more exacting than that of a legislator. In a set-up such as we now have, it is practically impossible for him to have a mind of his own. He has to stifle his conscience and his intelligence if he expects to do anything. He has frequently to yield to the pressure exerted by elements often too powerful to be disregarded: by his constituents who are selfishly interested only



Above, the entrance to the Legislative Building; below, President Manuel L. Quezon delivering a message before a session of the National Assembly.



in what they can get out of the government, by interests that have the power to do him good or harm according as he agrees or refuses to be their tool, by groups that have the means to deaden his conscience with generous proofs of their gratitude, by his party that can withhold pork barrel and patronage from him and thus ruin his chance at re-election, by his colleagues who will tempt him into joining with them in the approval of bills by logrolling, by the Admi-

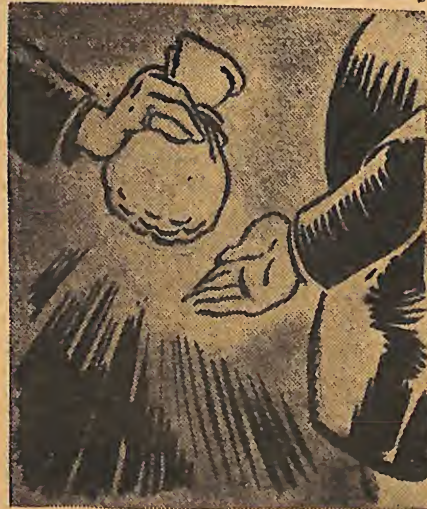


nistration that has so many ways of making reprisals on those that have fallen out of its favor.

The poor legislator is thus hemmed in on all sides by forces which are not conducive to honest discussion and intelligent voting. On top of the party discipline which he is bound to obey, are innumerable other disciplines to which he is compelled to conform. After being exposed for some time to these various influences, the average legislator ceases to have even the barest sense of individuality and independence. He becomes an unthinking and conscienceless cog in a vast political machine. He has ceased to be of any decent use to a self-respecting constituency.

* * *

THE idea, then, should be to surround the legislator with every



device intended to protect him, his mind, and his conscience from pos-

How to protect the legislator against this? The suggestion that follows is not mine, but that of an American newspaperman who feels as I do that the present condition of legislators everywhere is pitiable. It will sound fantastic at first, but once you grasp the import of the whole proposition, you will begin to realize how sound and wise and practical it really is at bottom.

The proposition, briefly, is this: Pension every legislator for life at his full salary.

That will take out the fear of insecurity from his soul. Assured of an adequate and steady income as long as he lives, he can then take his seat among his peers in the National Assembly and face the world a proud and sincere man, genuinely the master of himself and the keeper of his own conscience.

How much would such a pension system cost? Let the figures speak for themselves. Ninety-eight members of the National Assembly at an annual salary of P5,000 receive P480,000 a year. The average expectation of life of an assemblyman is probably 15 years. Barring re-elections, 98 new names would be added to the pension list every three years, or a maximum of P2,400,000 as total outlay for such a pension system.

Re-elections would bring the figure of new additions to the pension roll every three years to about 50, bringing the total amount needed for pensions down

to but a little over a million pesos.

* * *

CONSIDER furthermore, that it is part of the scheme to give the government the right to employ an ex-assemblyman in some capacity for which he is fitted without compensation other than his pension. There is no question but that a former member of the National Assembly can be placed in some capacity where he can give the government the benefit of his experience. A considerable portion of the pension money would, therefore, be spent for positions on which the government must, in any case, spend money. This means more savings, bringing the actual expense for such a system strictly for those that cannot thus be re-employed down to about half a million pesos.

You will say, that's still a lot of money for a government with an annual budget of P80,000,000.

But again consider the other advantages and savings, both moral and material. Shielded by his sense of personal security, the legislator has a chance at least to be honest and sincere. He is protected from pressure and from temptation, especially the temptation of wasting the people's money in pork barrel legislation, and the pressure to betray the people for the sake of special interests.

He can give his party, his constituency, his colleagues, the Administration, and this vested group or that a piece of his mind whenever he wishes to do so.

The whole thing will make for a lot more decency in the one branch of the government where it is most difficult to be decent and straight.

* * *

WE have surrounded the judiciary with every safeguard of independence and security. Through laws decreeing the permanency of the tenure of judges we have made it possible for the members of the judiciary to think and act with freedom and impar-



tiality.

By prohibiting the re-election of the President of the Commonwealth and by giving him a six-year term, we have made it possible for him to act without thought of ambition or fear of reprisal. In his sphere and during his long term, he has a chance to assert himself and the powers of his office without fear or favor.

We have left the members of the National Assembly wholly unprotected. We send them to the legislature every three years and with them our highest hopes that they will be faithful to their trust. We expose them to every evil wind that blows, foolishly expecting them to come out unscathed like angels.

It is demanding the impossible. The best of the 98 members who



is condemned to work under these

THE MEDICUS

Who comes when we are in distress?

The Doctor.

Who bears our call and answers: "Yes"?

The Doctor.

Who four and twenty hours a day
Has never of rest or play

And cannot put his work away?

The Doctor.

Who asks no shelter from the rain?

The Doctor.

Who braves all storms to comfort pain?

The Doctor.

Who in the banquet hall will rise
And all its pleasures sacrifice

Because somewhere a baby cries?

The Doctor.

Who knows no bedtime fixed and sure?

The Doctor.

Who all our worries must endure?

The Doctor.

Who must his every nerve command
In times of greatest peril and

Work with calm and steady hand?

The Doctor.

Who to the poor the friend will play?

The Doctor.

Who sometimes never gets his pay?

The Doctor.

Who having skill and growing wise
Must to great profits shut his eyes

FOUR decades ago, the American soldier laid aside the Krag and the Remington, stopped chasing warlike bands of Filipinos who still defied the advent of America, and started gathering pupils from among the children of the Philippine revolution. The sudden transformation of the newcomers, from fighters to teachers even while the embers of war were still alive in many parts of the country, did not suddenly transform the Filipinos into warm friends of the Yankees. Instead, the Filipinos offered all kinds of obstructions and the soldiers turned teachers had a hard time gathering pupils to form classes in improvised buildings. Using sign language and the utmost tact, offering even coins and gifts to the children just so they would enroll and learn the English language, these soldiers before the century had turned, had laid down the basis of Philippine public school system, which is pat-

desk before going with the President on his southern trip."

We watched Mr. Salvador intently at work. His eyes were fixed on the paper before him and he read every word of every correspondence before affixing his signature. He asked pointed questions



as such, it developed in the Filipinos, who are Oriental in outlook, a practical western slant on life. It has made the Filipino both a dreamer and a doer.

It has trained him in democracy. It has improved his health and physique. An examination of the curriculum of the public schools readily reveals this; and an ocular observation of the pupils in our public schools amply supports this claim.

"The Filipino is as he is today because of the splendid public school system which we have," he said. "I am sure nobody can successfully dispute this fact."

"I'm positive that the investments of our people in the public school have not been in vain. The emphasis we have placed on it, by setting aside the larger part of our annual appropriations for the schools, are the surest index that we are an enlightened and progressive race."



Top, Director Salvador, photographed while at work; below, a typical Philippine public school building.

Public Education Is Groundwork Of American Experiment In P. I.

By VICENTE L. DEL FIERRO

turned almost wholly after that of America.

One such pupil of the early days of the public school system of the Philippines under American soldiers, who was drafted to teach his countrymen almost immediately after he had learned the A. B. C. of the English language because of his extraordinary aptitude for acquiring education, is now at the head of the educational system of the country. This man, who hails from Bicolandia and who, on the day his appointment was announced by President Quezon, had completed exactly 30 years, eight months, and eight days in the bureau of education, is none other than Celedonio Salvador. His appointment as head of the bureau, coming as it did one year and five months after he had been named assistant director, had led many to believe that his promotion was a sudden leap.

"Many may think it that way," he told us when we saw him last week, as he was busy going over many valuable school projects before departing with President Quezon on a cruise of the southern islands. "But they forget, or they do not know, that I have three de-

of the clerks as one after another, they took turns to have him sign letters and documents that have something to do with the efficient running of the public school machinery, especially at the time of the opening of the classes.

As we watched him thus, the magnitude of the task before him dawned upon us. He is at the head of the government dependency with an outlay from the national, municipal, and provincial governments of more than P25,000,000 annually, just for school maintenance and teachers' salaries, exclusive of other several millions earmarked for buildings and grounds. Before us rose the vision of the 32,718 tireless and uncomplaining teachers imparting the benefits of education to 1,493,338 pupils (as of December 31, 1937), in all parts of the country.

In our mind's eyes, we saw schoolhouses right at the foot of mountain clearings, as well as pupils going to school in buses in our cities; we saw teachers fording bridgeless rivulets going to classes; we saw them coming home, tired and hungry but happy; we saw them by a flickering gaslamp

and day advancing the frontier of knowledge and cementing the ties of unity that bind the Filipino nation. * * *

WE were still thinking thus, when Mr. Salvador again looked up at us and said: "Shoot!" "What," we asked him, "do you consider the outstanding achievements of the public school system implanted here by the Americans?"

"Ah," he said, "you have a large order. But I'll answer you."

"In the first place, let me state categorically that the public school system is the greatest monument of American adventure in the Philippines. All the social, political, and economic progress that the Filipino people have been able to achieve in the last forty years is largely and primarily the result of this splendid school system."

"This school system has not only enabled the Filipinos to call themselves one of the most highly educated peoples of the world but has eradicated their provincialism, solidified their national unity, promoted their physical development, enriched their political life, and advanced their economic and social

"It is indeed very laudable that under the Commonwealth contrary to the fears expressed in certain quarters, there has been no diminution in the outlay for the public schools. On the contrary, the appropriations have been increased steadily, commensurate with the growing school population of the country." * * *

THE FIRST Filipino director of the bureau of education, which is the largest bureau of the national government, believes that character-building is the highest aim of education. He proudly pointed out that by and large, the Philippine public schools may be said to have inculcated character in the Filipino. To him, character makes for individual distinction and national greatness.

He replied when asked as to his future plans:

"There is plenty to do here. My predecessors have done an excellent job and I should do no less. It is my wish and hope that in time we shall be able to put all the children of school age in the classrooms."

From the beginning of the system up to the present time, the Filipino people have already spent,

THE yellow gold of drooping stalks of ripening palay-cañing sparkled with the last reflection of the setting sun. Slowly, darkness was beginning to fall, but Teroy did not stir. He sat there, alone, a little boy of six, fearless of the oncoming night with that instinctive adaptation to the wilderness common to those born and reared in the secluded forest which was his home. He adjusted his wide-brimmed hat, which was too big for him, so as not to obstruct his vision and followed the giant ball of red fire with his little eyes as it slowly sank below the horizon. "Very pretty," he told himself, "but it must be very hot."

Teroy shifted his position on the big stump and turned about to the opposite direction. He smiled. "It will soon come out now," he mumbled inaudibly. He was looking past the yellow stalks of palay, past the deep gorge which separated the cultivated clearing from the thick forest nearby, further on toward a giant balete tree, from behind whose outspreading roots the moon was just beginning to peep. It was not so far, perhaps not more than half a kilometer, but the difficulty of the descent from the clearing and the still harder task of penetrating into the thick foliage, mostly of thorny palasanas made the old balete seem inaccessible. But Teroy was not thinking of that. He was too young to know the meaning of danger, yet he was old enough to be curious.

He rose and walked toward the moonrise. He heard his mother calling him, "Terooy... Terooy...," but he pretended not to hear. He looked back somewhat guiltily toward the nipa house and saw his mother coming down the stairs. "Terooy... Where are you?"

He crawled under the tall stalks of palay. "Inay must not see me now," he was murmuring a prayer, "Please, God, Inay must not see me now." He reached the edge of the clearing and stood up. He was safe! Thick cogon grasses shielded him from his mother.

haps it is like a firefly—a big firefly that does not twinkle.

Thus, Teroy escaped from home because his father had gone to town... His mother will not tell, no, his mother will not tell. His mother loved him.

"But what if Itay learns about this?" He thought of his father's leather belt, thick and hard. ugh!... He looked again at the peeping moon. "Never mind!"

He began the perilous descent into the gorge. He felt his left arm itching a little and saw that the sharp stalks had scratched his tender skin. A little trickle of blood flowed from the superficial wound but he did not mind. Descending through the overhanging branches that lined the bank of the ravine, he gained the bottom, per-

THREE PHASES of the MOON

By AMADO CAPELLAN

The moon was already half-way out of the outspreading roots of the giant balete tree. Magic silver sparks of light seemed to melt from its huge, spreading branches. Teroy doubled his pace, then broke into a run. "Wait!... wait!..." he was addressing the moon softly so that his mother would not hear, "I'm coming!"

FOR many days he had watched the moon come out from the roots of the old balete. A few days ago it was very thin; sometimes it would not come out at all. He had asked his father why; he had received only a half-angry: "Don't ask me foolish questions, Antero," and he had remained silent since. So he kept on wondering... planning that perhaps someday...

What is it doing in the old balete? Maybe there is a cave where it hides during the day. Why does it grow bigger sometimes and then grow smaller again? O if I could only touch it! Is it alive? Suppose it is wild, suppose it is terrible? Yes it is alive; no, it is not wild, maybe it is very kind to little boys. It is cold, not hot like the sun. Per-

spiring profusely.

"Where's the moon now?"

The moon was hidden by the thick groves of palasans. Teroy frantically searched for an opening and immediately found one—a wild path, perhaps made by forest beasts in their nightly journeys to the brook. But he did not know that; he was too young to be afraid.

"Suppose it is not there any more? Suppose it has flown up to the sky already? Yes... yes... I must hurry!"

He was oblivious of the pain as the thorns of the thick palasans pierced his skin; he could not hear the eerie murmurings of strange forest voices; he had only one idea—to see it, to touch it, to satisfy an all-consuming curiosity! "I must hurry," he panted, "Wait... wait..."

At last Teroy emerged from the last thorny bush and ran up the

grassy hillside. A few yards ahead, he saw the balete again. He stopped abruptly, paralyzed.

The moon was not there!

Far beyond, up in the clear sky, white and beautiful, the full moon shone with all her splendor over the valley below.

The moon was not there!

He searched the foot of the giant tree. No cave! He felt its rough bark hoping to find some traces of silver-white. No, the moon had never been there!

Hurt, innocent eyes gazed dejectedly at the full moon—far and unreachable. Something was dying within the little soul of the unhappy boy.

He had been cheated; he had been fooled. He was suddenly conscious of himself. He began to feel the pain of his wounds; he heard the murmurs of strange forest voices; he saw many shadows; he was alone and afraid. He burst into tears.

**Where Is My Moon Now? Where Are My Dreams?
I Have Clung To Illusions All My Life. Life Is An
Illusion Unreachable As The Full Moon Of My
Childhood. I Have Been Cheated! I Have Been
Betrayed—**



GILK-
REYES

"Inaaaay... Inaaaay..."
(Yes, that was twenty years ago)

II

HE was a young, ambitious boy of sixteen; she was a sweet, trusting girl of fifteen. As they sat together on a horizontal bough on an old camachile tree, they could still hear the coarse, drunken laughter of the old men and the shrill shouts of drunken women blended with the mad orgy of the barrio tapusan. They had run away seeking for peace. Above them, a half-moon shone.

He was telling her of his ambitions—he was going to study in the city after the harvest. He would be a doctor, he said. He was very sure. She was fearing something might happen to him while away from home. He was laughing at her fears.

She wanted to know if he will ever forget the old barrio. He assured her, never.

"Look at the moon, Teroy," she whispered sweetly. "See how

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Another July Is Coming

**DMHM Staff Writer Who Is An Assiduous Observer
Of World Trends Philosophizes On The Outcome
Of The Struggles In Spain And In China**

By Jose A. Lansang

ANOTHER July is coming. In the cold countries, the month of July sees the last of the Spring days, stale postscripts to the lovely and rare days of June, the tender sweetheating time of the Temperate Zone. Time there was in the not so long ago when most anywhere in the world the advent of July was merely the advent of July. In America, for instance, and to a certain extent in the Philippines and wherever Americans live, the coming of July meant nothing more ominous than intensified preparations for a fitting celebration of the Glorious Fourth, the day when those that could afford it tear the heavens with high wassail and those that couldn't screech patriotic speeches while the children explode firecrackers, not infrequently, also one or two fingers.

Come July, 1938, however, a harassed mankind will be pondering two anniversaries which would be heart-breakingly lugubrious did they not also carry with them intimations of a new day, a renewed hope in the ability of collective mankind to rend its restraining fetters and assert its right to life and happiness. July, 1938, will mark the second year of the civil war in Spain, the first year of China's gallant fight to preserve her territorial integrity.

Out of these explosions in the East and West have been projected to the attention of the world crucial issues of contemporary times. In themselves, the Spanish

power, the time came, as inevitably it had to come, for these elements to fight back or lose everything. They had to fight less for self-preservation than the re-conquest of age-old privileges they had enjoyed as wealthy property owners, beneficiaries of royal favors, or as members of a social aristocracy dating back to medieval times.

A Different Civil War

Thus the Spanish rebellion against the Popular Front government the outcome of which is still in doubt. Under another age, such a revolution would have been merely another civil war, totally unrelated to the fate of the world at large, and at the conclusion of which there was a transfer of power from one element of the population to another.

Why did, then, the Spanish civil war become an event of such transcendent international significance, so much so that even now we read more of, and are more interested in, what Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, the United States and other countries are thinking, or are doing, about the Spanish conflict than about what battles are actually being fought in Aragon and Catalonia?

in Spain, explosion was inevitable.

Armageddon's "Dress Rehearsal"

It is for this reason that some writers have alluded to the Spanish civil war as the "dress rehearsal" of the coming world conflict between the forces of the Left and Right.

In other words, many nations are interested in how the Spanish civil war will turn out precisely because within their own respective social and economic set-up are present those forces which in Spain have already clashed and are now grappling for mastery.

Now, what are those forces? They are variously called loosely as the Left and Right, Progress and Reaction, Socialism and Fascism. Expressed in terms of men's lives, these words convey easily understandable meaning. Progress comprehensively embraces all those efforts to remedy the evils of the present economic and social order under which the immense majority of the masses of all countries are condemned to live in destitution, if not stark poverty, often, as in the case of the United States, amidst abundant natural resources vouchsafed by a lavish Nature.

Reaction, on the other hand, comprehensively embraces all the efforts of those who now hold economic and social privileges to preserve the status quo, that is, to defend their hold on those privileges against the offensive of the militant masses to wrest it from them.

Reaction Can Be Challenged

The historical conditions which gave rise to these antagonistic forces, such as the inadequacy of Capitalism to solve economic problems at the present stage of mankind's technological development, will not be discussed here just now. Suffice it to say, that in Spain, as in Mexico previously, and later in France, as well as in the Scandinavian countries, the events of the last ten years have amply demonstrated that progressive elements, such as trade unions, political liberals, and the substratum of the middle class, can successfully challenge the reactionary elements. In other words, the economic and social order, the status quo, can be changed.

From that point of view it becomes intelligible even at this dis-

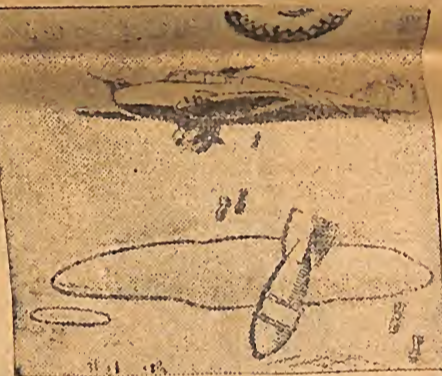


This can't go on forever

tance why Germany, Italy Britain, and other countries where the reactionary elements are in power have been sympathetic to, or are generously aiding materially, the Insurgents in Spain. On the other hand, it is equally evident why the underprivileged masses all over the world, and the countries where the progressive elements are in power, such as Mexico, Czechoslovakia, the Scandinavian countries, and to a certain extent the United States and France, have been sympathetic to, or are aiding materially, the Loyalists of Spain.

No Immediate Liquidation

With forces so widely-flung involved in the struggle in Spain, it is, therefore, short-sighted to ex-



The argument of bombs.

pect a liquidation of the civil war in Spain in the immediate future.

For the probabilities are reduced to these: if the insurgents win no peace within the country can obtain, unless the masses of the country are completely wiped out,—an impossibility; if the Loyalists can crush the rebellion within Spain, the reactionary elements in other countries will not rest but will continue with their attempts to undermine the Popular Front government, as they have already undermined that of France.

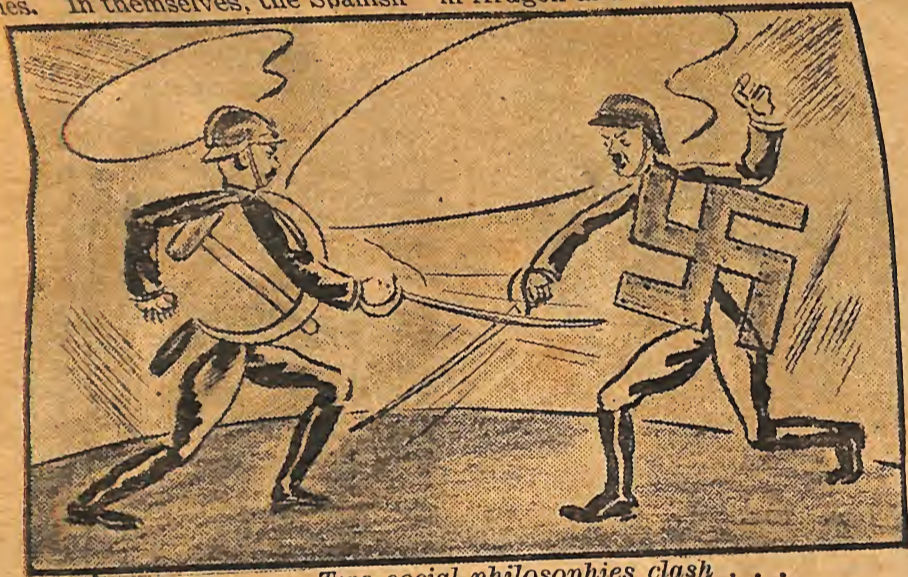
In other words, the issue between Progress and Reaction has no solution until one or the other decisively wins. Because, over the world today they are more or less evenly matched in power and strength, mankind is facing in



A sickly dove of peace

the near future a terrible armageddon, the rumblings of which are already heard everywhere.

(In the second part of this article the implications of the Sino-Japanese conflict will be discussed.)



Two social philosophies clash . . .

civil war and Sino-Japanese conflict may be studied for the significant trends that events have been taking since the settlement of the Treaty of Versailles was openly violated by Hitler in 1934.

In both these wars also are dramatically apparent clashing social forces and philosophies which show every indication of altering the shape of things before many years will pass.

Recapitulating For A Clue

An outline recapitulation, for instance, of what has been transpiring in Spain will give the clue to the present highly-explosive situation in Central Europe, and will throw some light on the bewildering reports the newspapers bring from the continent from day to day.

Presented without the slightest partisan bias, what has happened in Spain is simply this: a Popular Front government won power, succeeded to destroy the feudal system of landed ownership in the country, expropriated the latifundios and broke them up into small holdings for the peasantry, and introduced numerous other economic and social reforms more or less on the socialistic pattern.

Since, however, such reforms involved dispossession of the great dons, the wealthy monarchists, the Catholic Church, and the big industrialists and bankers, and their consequent deprivation of

The reason, even to the casual newspaper reader, is obvious: The struggle in Spain—of the government to preserve the Popular Front; of the Rebels under Franco to re-conquer power and privilege—represents the clash of new forces which, of varying potency, already exist in most parts of the world, are in certain countries already moving toward the same critical point where, as

Three Phases Of The Moon

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peaceful is the night, how lovely are these fields! Why do you have to be a doctor? Are you not contented here? Here, we eat our own rice planted by our own hands; no one can molest us; you have no worry, no danger, no hatred; only love for one another."

The young man smiled tolerantly at the girl, as if she were a child who knew nothing about life. "Of course I am," he said.

"Of course I am contented here. Who would not be? I love Villa-Hermosa; I love everyone of her simple, honest people; I love you, Lilay. But it is not enough. What would become of me if I should stay here all my life? I will live, a farmer, and perhaps die, a farmer! No, I was not meant to be only a simple farmer; I will be a doctor."

"And since I was only meant to

be a farmer's wife. . . why don't you say it? That is what you mean, Teroy." She was getting mildly angry.

"Don't talk like that, Lilay," he chided. "You know I can never forget you."

"As if I do not know," she said sorrowfully. She was looking up at the bright half-moon through the leaves. Her eyes sparkled, moist with tears, as the moonlight filtered through the dark branches. "As if I have not seen the moon, eternal as it is, slowly die with the passing of days! A week ago, it was full; a week from now, it will be gone. No, Teroy, I may be only fifteen in years but I am a woman now, I know."

He tried to explain but the words were choked in his throat. She descended from her seat and

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IT was still very early in the morning, but already the whole family was awake. Old man Julian was in the yard sharpening his scythe. He sat hunched up on the ground, his knees nearly touching his chin, and now and then he would ease up somewhat to relieve his cramped legs. The air was crisp and biting, but it smelled sweet because it was laden with the scent of ripened grain. He was getting hungry and he tilted up his head to see whether Talia had prepared the breakfast. "Is breakfast not ready yet, Talia," he said. "In a little while, father," she answered. He took out a crumpled cigarette and lighted it. Then he stood up and looked around across the fields.

The sun was not yet up and the wide fields lay under a heavy fog. The billowing sweep of the golden riceplants stretched far into the distance. Several improvised huts stood in the middle of the field and sometimes one could see people moving about near the huts. Stacks of unthreshed rice stood towering in the yards ready to be carried and threshed. For some of the harvest had already

Love ripens In His Bosom Like The Rice, And She Too Understands Why — Then A Serenade In The Moonlight And The Meeting Of Eyes—

bit and before long she had scooped out rice onto a plate and taken a broiled fish from the embers. The old man said, "You slept very little last night because of those young fellows who serenaded you." The girl did not answer. She saw he was not very angry at her. Julian continued eating without another word.

One of the young boys dawdling on the floor got up, yawned and stretched, and came near to Talia and got his plate of rice. The old man finished eating and made ready to go to the fields. "Hurry up, dodó, and we'll be going to work. And you, Talia, and your mother, when she comes home, don't tarry here long. Soon the day will be very hot." He lingered for a while longer in the yard and then his son came down and together they went to

the fields where a few men were already working. They greeted one another briefly, but Julian did not stop long enough to chat with them.

The dwarfed riceplants miserly bursting with ripe grain barely reached up to the old man's thighs. They walked on the grassy dikes and had to brush away the stalks of palay that lay across their path. Julian had long noticed that the crop that year was very poor, but even now; he could again feel a fresh wave of depression and even the sweet smell of the rice and the rich, cooling wind could make him a little cheerful. In some paddies the plants were eaten up with disease and the soil lay bare and cracked. The wind eddied cool brought with it the twitter of birds and insects. Julian said,

under the hay. The old woman limped her way and let the wind dry her loose hair because she had gone early to the river to wash clothes and she had also taken a bath. Afterwards the women busied themselves. They harvested with gugtols and these implements were small and they could cut only one stalk at a time.

The morning grew hot. The wide stretch of ricefields was dotted with slow-moving figures with hats and kerchiefs and parasols. They talked and laughed and sang to while away the monotony and the heat that seemed to press them down to the soil. The despoiled palay lay trampled and near the grassy dikes small mounds of sheaves arose.

Julian worked evenly mowing down the palay with his scythe and when he tired, he went to rest under the coconut-leaf shed that his wife had stood on the ground. His boy lagged behind and the women reaped at another paddy. Now and then he went over to his wife to ask for a chew and this they made an excuse to chat and rest their tired backs. But when they were out cutting again, they did not exchange more than a single word and the only sound that could be heard was the rasping noise of the cutting tools against the stalks of palay.

Towards noon a young man halted his sled near where they were working and he got down from his carabao. The young man idled about for a few moments, but he did not greet them and he thought that Talia had not heard him draw near. He smoked, leaning against the mound of cut palay on his sled and watched the girl. Then she turned about to take a little rest and she said,

HARVEST

POSSIBILITIES OF AN AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY IN THE PHILIPPINES

Not Only Should The Construction Of Airplanes Be Encouraged Here For Military Purposes But Also To Meet The Requirements Of Commercial Aviation. A Significant Portion Of Our Population Has Become Air-Minded. Local Business Now Considers Air Transport As Part Of Its System. The Philippines Lies At The Crossroads Of Proposed Airlines In The Pacific. These Should Be Sufficient Encouragement For Local Capital To Go Into The Aircraft Construction Business.

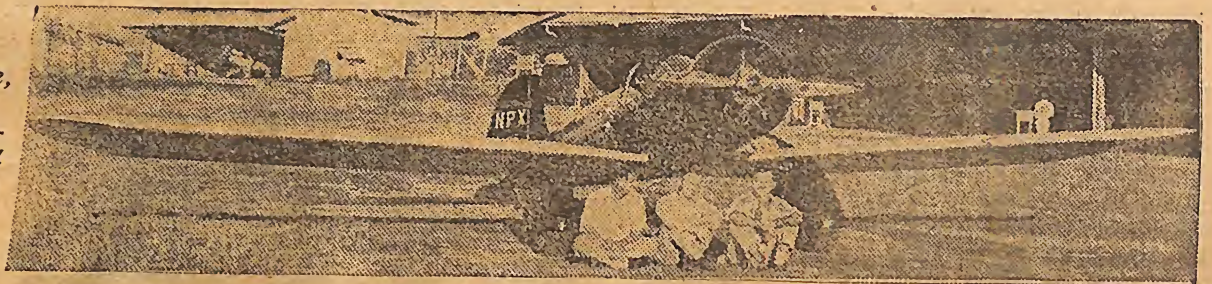
By A. E. BALINGAO

WE can design and build in the Philippines, using local talent, labor and materials, airplanes similar to the ones recently bought by the Philippine army from American manufacturers. The estimated cost of the job for one airplane, which takes about 100 working days to do, is around P15,000.00, according to figures furnished by Dr. F. Fabiano Imperial, aeronautical expert from the University of California, and

agement and the proper orientation and leadership.

"I have consulted the leading wood technologists of the bureau of forestry," writes Dr. Imperial, "and was shown a specimen of wood that is good for aircraft purposes. The supply of this wood is practically inexhaustive. As to the cloth used to cover the wings and fuselages of airplanes, of course we are not in a position now to produce it here. But with the cooperation of the textile division of the bureau of plant industry, under the able direction of its chief, we can produce fabrics that would not only be satisfactory for aircraft use but comparable also to the best available. This undertaking would not be a financial burden on the bureau of

Nepa airplane, constructed under the direction of Raul Messier, Camp Murphy expert.



plant industry; on the contrary, it would be another source of income for the government and would also promote our textile industry."

WITH respect to the metal parts of the airplanes, Dr. Imperial claims that most of them, except duralumin, which is an aluminum alloy, can be produced here. How-

available and we can get them any time we want.

"The availability of materials," says Dr. Imperial, "is not our problem. The fact that at present wood is the only aircraft material that we can produce is no reason why we can not design and build here all-metal airplanes or costly liners. Unlike the ready-made airplanes which become obsolete within a very short time, the aircraft materials can, with proper care, be stored for years. Storing aircraft materials is a practical scheme because their cost does not exceed, in most cases, 10 per cent of the cost of the finished airplane. Furthermore, the metallurgical development of aircraft materials will not be as rapid as the development of airplane design and construction. We can also build both wood-fabric and all-metal airplanes. Japan has been able to build her powerful navy by using metals, mostly scraps, bought from the United States. We can do better with our air force by building our own airplanes, because we have the materials here."

* * *

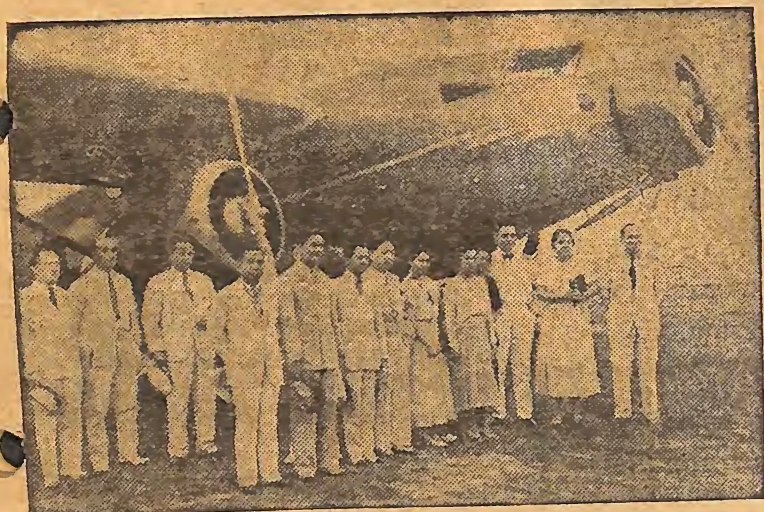
NOR is it talent that we lack. We have men of Dr. Imperial's intelligence and training who can be hired to do the job. While it is true that we have only a handful of men who are experts in aeronautical science, we have,

however, an excellent army of mechanical engineers whose knowledge of machines and sheet metal work can be easily extended to include aircraft technology. Filipino technicians, if given enough encouragement, adequate facilities and proper application of their knowledge, can grow to the level of their foreign contemporaries in the more advanced countries.

"Our chief difficulty would be metallurgical," writes Dr. Imperial. "Consequently, our first task is to develop the proper technique of casting and forging aircraft materials. This is mostly experimental work designed to train foundry personnel and could be done economically by first making small castings and forgings of dif-

ferent shapes and sizes of materials. Engineering Island has enough facilities for this kind of work and when the quality of casting and forging has been sufficiently improved, the design and construction of the airplane engine may be undertaken."

Not only should the construction of airplanes here be encouraged for military purposes, but also to meet the requirements of commercial aviation. A significant portion of our population has become air-minded. Local business now considers air transport as a part of its system. Moreover, the Philippines lies at the crossroads of proposed airlines in the Pacific. This alone should be sufficient encouragement for local capital to go into the aircraft construction business. If we consider, furthermore, the fact that commercial planes can be easily converted, in wartime, into fighting machines, either as bombers or as transport planes from front to front, we can readily see the advisability of designing and building our own airplanes here. Certainly, we know our needs better than foreign manufacturers, and it is a part of defense strategy that military secrets should be locally planned and made. We can't import these secrets. So why don't we make our bombers here? This seems to be a very ambitious scheme, but it can be done.



One of the "Inaer" planes flying regularly between Manila and Visayan Cities.

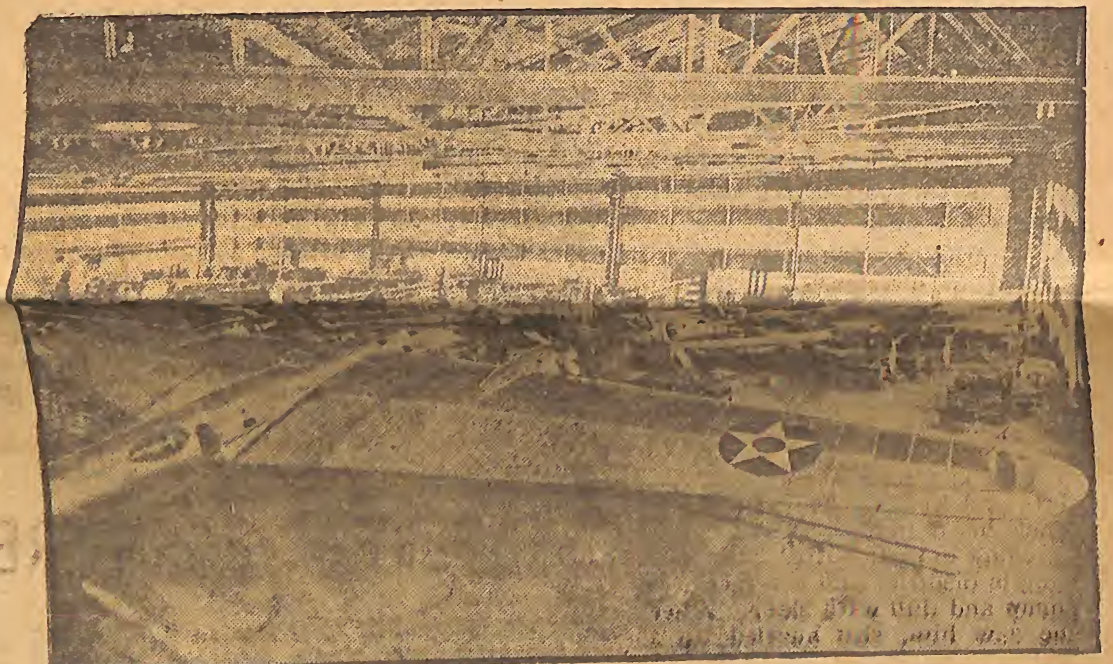
former designing engineer of the National Development Company, who is now head of the Imperial Aircraft Corporation, which was incorporated two weeks ago.

This, indeed, is interesting, especially today when the nation is faced with the problem of building an air force adequate enough to make the Philippine army one of the finest and most efficient fighting machines in the Far East. Modern warfare has ceased to be an infantry or a navy affair; it has extended its fangs to include also the air, where ground guns as defensive weapons are in many ways helpless against these man-

ever, due to the rapid development of the aircraft industry, the cost of duralumin is comparatively low. Still, it would be possible to find a substitute material, or do without it altogether, unless we want to manufacture bullet-proof

Constructing bomber at the Boeing Aircraft plant, Seattle, Washington.

here at the Boeing Aircraft plant, Seattle, Washington.



Can we really build airplanes here? Do we have the materials? Do we have the talent? We can. If Japan can do it, why can't we? If other nations have airplane factories, why can't we have one here? It is just a matter of knowing what we have, and making what we have to serve our needs. The Philippines is a rich country in minerals and forest products and labor here is just as efficient as that of any other progressive country if given the right encour-

The AMERICAN MERCURY
for May, 1938

THE contemporary world, especially in America, is teeming with propaganda for and against war. There are those who try to sway America to the side of the have-nots, and those who persuade her to stand behind the banner of the proletarians. Which of these tendencies is right?

An analysis of this anomalous situation, with the writer decided by Lawrence Dennis in the current issue of this debunking magazine which many of the so-called liberals, even in the Philippines, brand as reactionary.

He traces war propaganda and war hysteria from the days of the World War to the present day and through it all, he reads exaggerated and lies all calculated to win friends for certain sides, no matter how wrong and stupid.

Taking a middle ground toward the end of his article, he makes this patent observation:

"It is high time to discuss foreign affairs as foreign news, and to stop discussing for- eign affairs as moral issues involving our national honor. Our interests demand our neutrality regard- less of the rights or wrongs of others. We have a right to the mastery of this Western Hemisphere because we have the force to maintain this right. Beyond this hemisphere, the effectiveness of our force is most doubtful."

The argument that we have to fight again in Europe to protect our rights is essentially a plea to protect the interests of some other nation or help avenge the wrongs of some other people. It is certain that our participation in the new war would serve the ends of vengeance, but doubtful that it would materially add to the wellbeing of any nation. PROBABLY OUR BEST SERVICE TO THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL BE TO PRE- SERVE OURSELVES AND OUR CIVILIZATION FOR THE FUTURE."

Other articles read by the pres- ent reviewer in this issue, which he strongly recommends are: "Why Change America," by Gor- don Carroll; "Sovietizing Our Mer- chant Marine," by Harold Lord Varney; "Emancipating the Ame- rican Male," by Eugene Pharo; "How to Get a Washington Job," by Don Layne; and "The Problem of Sexual Impotency," by Have- lock Ellis.

PICTORIAL REVIEW

with Delinctor,
for May, 1938

For all people interested in the continuity of the human race, regardless of religious faith, the ar- ticle of Maxine Davis on "natural system of birth control," which has the sanction of the Catholic church, should prove thought-pro- voking. This article is a review of the book entitled "The Rhythm," by a noted Catholic layman, Dr. Leo J. Latz, and is the leading feature of this issue.

The article addresses itself to women only, but men may as well read it and be informed.

We read also "Pattern in Dust," a complete book-length novel by Dorothy Aldis.

BALTIMORE
for June, 1938

WHAT is safe society? Whether one knows it already or not, the article on this subject, treated in the usual humorous vein of this lively magazine, is well worth per- using.

The caricatures, cartoons, and pictorial offerings of this issue, as well as the cracks and fillers, are more engrossing than the rest of the articles featured. Because of its humor, this magazine combines some of the attributes of *Esquire* and *Life*.

AND now for a few personal ob- servations.

Mr. Salvador would not say whe- ther the directorship of the bureau of education is his highest ambi- tion. Modestly, he told us that his highest ambition in life is to do whatever is given him to do, in the best manner possible.

"My highest ambition—you may call it my philosophy of life—is to do my work thoroughly and ef- ficiently, no matter how insignifi- cant the task assigned me, and no- serve."

A product of the public school system is now at the helm. Edu- cationally, we have come of age. From here, the path we will trace will be wholly ours. In Mr. Sal- vador, we have a man who not only knows the workings of the sys- tem, but is ready at all times to

HISTORIC MOMENT: When Mr. Salvador was sworn in as Direc- tor of Education by Vice President Osmena. Looking on are President Boco of the U. P., Dr. Luther B. Bewley, Superintendent Languanun of the Manila city schools, Undersecretary Manalac, and officials of the department of public instruction.



(Continued from Page 3)

Public Education Is Groundwork Of...

THIS magazine is full of helpful articles for everybody. As its subtitle says, it is a popular guide to desirable living. We add that if the articles, even only in a single issue, are followed to the letter, a woman's leg is a limb. A tree is a part of a tree. A phoney is a plant. A plant is phoney

like the devil. The steak tasted is beef. Cattle have cloven hoofs. "We had steak for dinner. Steak puppies were?"

And what did I say male puppies. Therefore, dictators are male. Therefore, is the dream of a dicta- catcher's main objective. A main objective is the dream of a dicta- male dog. A female dog is the dog some below.

"A male puppy is a son of a re- producing this magazine, we are reproducing this magazine," section of dict to the "Stillisms" become an ad- Because we have become an ad- and Judge and College Humor it-

Guide to
FORGOTTEN MAGAZINES

AN analysis of British foreign policy is made by an anonym- ous author in this issue. While the author hides under the veil of an- onymity, his article has the ring of truth and the caption writer, to our mind, was right in titling it, "Yes, Perfidious Albion."

The next most important article in this issue, in our opinion, is Kenneth A. Milligan's "Was Queen Bess a Man?" With historical data, he attempts to show that Elizabeth of England is a man, whether we agree with him or not, his article is interesting read- ing.

Other articles read by us are: "The Question of Abortion," by Havelock Ellis.

"The Strangest Prize," by Allen Glasser.

"Puritans and France," by Paul Morand.

And "Diplomacy," by Andre Maurois.

CORONET
for May, 1938

AN analysis of British foreign policy is made by an anonym- ous author in this issue. While the author hides under the veil of an- onymity, his article has the ring of truth and the caption writer, to our mind, was right in titling it, "Yes, Perfidious Albion."

THE COMMENTATOR
for May, 1938

THIS is one of the most lively magazines of quality reading matter that have appeared in America during the last two years. From the start, it has been a ma- gazine of distinction and each is- sue brings the opinion of outstand- ing writers and columnists on vi- tal contemporary topics or world problems.

The most interesting features in this issue, however, from our point of view, are: "Wanted: An Econo- mic Peace," by H. V. Kaltenborn; "Giant with Feet of Clay," by T. M. Ybarra, and "Pershing's Place in History," by Colonel Frederick Palmer.

The fillers are all well chosen.

The featured article in this is- sue, for instance, is the Civilian 5-year progress of the CCC, which is largely an experiment in organ- izing a human army against na- ture, it reaches the conclusion that on the whole, the experiment has been a success.

Its treatment of world events and the progress in science, busi- ness, and education is simple and very clear. Its language is always succinct.

The biographical sketch in this issue is about Harry Hopkins, Works Progress Administration head, who is branded by the ma- gazine as "the greatest spender" in history. Hopkins, who is a firm believer in the New Deal and in democracy, believes that unem- ployment in America must be solv- ed if democracy is to survive.



Kathleen Norris Midweek Page

A few weeks later she wrote her mother the letter that shattered for her and for Jean's father, the deepest pride and happiness of their lives. There will be a baby in June. Jean's mother had a long talk with her daughter.

DOES it ever occur to modern girls that there is a reason for the moral laws that concern purity and self-control? That humanity has slowly and painfully and imperfectly hammered those laws into shape, not to comply with any outworn creed or obsolete code, but for the present, living everyday happiness of all concerned?

Girls look with natural abhorrence upon the murderer, the kidnaper, the man who commits mayhem, perjury, bigamy; the man who is charged with cruelty, intemperance, fraud. No man who had in boyhood forged a check would ever dare tell his wife. She would find it so disgusting, so incomprehensible, that she never would trust him again. She would feel herself married to a person of criminal instincts, and in a way she would be justified. If a man once deliberately cheats to get out of a difficulty, he will cheat again. That's why ex-cons have such difficulties in finding positions of trust. It is only after a complete spiritual regeneration, a real change of heart, that the thief becomes trustworthy, and that spiritual change is too easily faked. "I've certainly had my lesson," the freed man says fervently. "No more fooling around with other people's money for me." And nobody believes him.

their lives that the only road to self-respect and happiness, to good wifehood and happy motherhood is the road of self-control and purity, continue to feel, in those dangerous years between sixteen and twenty-four, that it doesn't really matter what you do; it hurts nobody, and nobody'll ever know anyway.

And so they do to themselves what their worst enemy couldn't accomplish. They take a chance. And after that they take another. And just as surely as the fineness and sweetness of their young bodies are destroyed, so are the delicate filaments of their souls; never to be quite what they seem to be again.

Here is the case of Jean Smith, for example. She is a college girl; she came from a plain little house in a plain little country town to the fascinations of undergraduate life in the biggest city in the world, and was quickly persuaded that good times needn't stop anywhere. She had her fill of night clubs and dances, roadhouses and week-end parties during her first term, and went home for mid-summer holidays, very demurely reporting to a devoted father and

mother only what she knew they wanted to hear about her new friends and interests and studies.

Then Came Tragedy

The second year she met a boy with whom she fell really and deeply in love. He knew her reputation, of course, and they had a wild affair. It was at Christmas time that a dread suspicion began to grow in Jean's heart; a few weeks later she wrote her mother the letter that shattered for her and for Jean's father the deepest pride and happiness of their lives. There will be a baby in June.

Jean's mother came on at once and had a long talk with her daughter. One hates to think what was said. They wrote to the boy, who had inexplicably left school and returned to his Florida home. He answered; here is his letter. Note that it is so worded that it could be read in court tomorrow or ten years from now without incriminating the gallant writer in any way.

"Dear Jean:

"The camera you wrote me about isn't mine. Thanks awfully, though. I'm working like mad here, but of course I miss the old gang. But Pop and Mom want me home for awhile. Hopping to see you one of these good old days, Bill."

Jean's mother, aghast, was for going straight down to Florida to face him, so Jean had to tell her that while she had been faithful to Bill from the moment of her return to school, there had been others before that.

And the real tragedy of it is that she is a loving, gentle, trusting little creature, this Jean. She adores her father and mother, and if this child of hers were born under the usual happy circumstances she would love it more than anything else on earth.

Destroyed Honest Happiness

As it is they have persuaded her to have her baby secretly, give it out for adoption, and presently come home "from Europe" to the small home town, to rebuild her life there as best she can.

Men, for thousands of years, have made laws for women, and that's the way they work. If Jean were a strong, talented creature perhaps she could carve out a different destiny, face down the whispers and criticisms. But she's like most nineteen-year-olds; she wants to be like the others, in dress and hair-do, manners and amusements, engagement and engagement showers, marriage and

home-making, wifehood and motherhood.

She may marry. But young love won't be what it ought to be in her heart or manner or feeling, or when another child comes to her. She has cheated; she has forged; and for every moment of self-indulgence that these stolen hours have given her, she has destroyed a hundred hours of honest happiness.

"Isn't it comfortable to be good?" said one of the cleverest women I know a few years ago, when with her children she was enjoying a middle-aged country holiday. "Isn't it comfortable?"

And that kind of comfort has to be bought with wisdom and self-control in the younger years; the years when many girls say, "What's the difference? If I hurt anyone it's only myself, and I guess I'm old enough to know what I'm doing."

December and May Again

But some of us never seem to be old enough to know what we're doing. A woman of sixty-four who wrote me a few weeks ago wanted advice as to her marriage with a man of twenty-eight. She says that he has no money and that she has enough, and more than enough for two. "He very probably wants a comfortable home, and to inherit something after I die, and why shouldn't he?" she writes. "I like love and companionship, and he gives them to me. What's so unnatural about that bargain? If you could hear my sons you'd think I was marrying a chimpanzee out of the zoo. Fred is handsome and affectionate, and he happens to like older women better than young ones. I don't fool myself; I know that if I were a dishwasher in the hotel instead of happening to own it, he mightn't want me. But if my outside is old my inside is young; he says in feeling and spirit I am younger than many a girl of twenty-five, and I want to take the change, I've been over-burdened and serious all my life. Is there a chance of happiness for me, a few years of it, a little fun?"

The answer is "No."

I hope you're planning a trip for this year. Nothing in the world picks up the human heart, fills days with excitement and light, like the delicious prelimina-

ries of a trip. Tickets, maps, budget, discussions as to whether the car or bicycles or good old shoe-leather are the best means of transportation; names of strange places; possibilities opening up everywhere; clothes to be considered; luggage to be estimated—why, before you even start a wind from far delicious mountains and seas seems to blow across the hum-drum quiet of every day, and blow cobwebs and fatigue and depression away with it!

Wonders Are Near at Home

One year we had to take our vacation in a series of long week-ends; we had sixteen little breaks from Friday afternoon on Monday morning, and the places we went and the things we did and saw remain in my memory still as among the real holidays of my life. One woman who wrote me had ten weeks in Europe last year without one cent of expense. She made the proposal herself to the doctor mother of two girls of twelve and fourteen; took them and the car to England, did all the driving herself; managed currency and meals and passports with the greatest possible courage and competency,—although she had been abroad only once before, and that many years ago, and came home with two adoring and chattering little charges who had gotten exactly what their mother had wanted them to get out of Europe, at a minimum of expense.

Another family walked into the high Sierras; two hundred miles to get there, and they managed another hundred after they got in. What their wonderful three weeks cost them was merely their food. The two tall sons, father and mother carried packs and blankets; the little daughter carried herself; their holiday cost them less than one hundred dollars, and they came back with memories worth half a million.

For every summer week-end plan something. And I don't mean just having the Judsons out and playing bridge. Explore and experiment; court high adventure and she will come to you, and you'll find that within a hundred miles from home there are places and people as interesting as the Pyramids—which, by the way, are disappointing enough in reality and look like a rather moth-eaten movie set—and the Tuilleries and the Roman fora, and the long level reaches of the summer Thames near Oxford town.



EMIL LUDWIG's

LIFE OF Franklin D. Roosevelt



The President
signing the gold
devaluation act

THE BIGGEST
NEWSPAPER
FEATURE
IN YEARS



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PIONEER FILIPINO DAILY IN ENGLISH
THE PHILIPPINES ONLY ENGLISH EVENING NEWSPAPER

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt



Promoting Our Abaca Industry

The Philippines Should Have Sufficient Influence In The Regulation Of The Price Of Abaca In World Markets—Creation Of The National Abaca Corporation Would Be Beneficial, Writer Claims

**By ANDRES PALMA
Of the National Development Company**

THE scheme of price fixing and price stabilization is not new; it has been and is being practiced by many countries which have either a quasi or complete monopoly of the raw materials. It is characterized by the collective action on the part of the producers with the support of or government participation in, the control. The raw materials that were subjected to this scheme of control are: (1) camphor by Japan in Formosa, (2) chinchona bark, or quinine by Holland in Java, (3) citrate of lime by Italy, (4) coffee by Brazil, (5) cotton, long staple by Egypt, (6) currants by Greece, (7) kauri-gum by New Zealand, (8) mercury by Spain and Italy, (9) nitrate by Chile, (10) pearshell by Australia, (11) potash by Germany and France, (12) pulpwood by Canada, (13) quebracho by Argentina and Paraguay, (14) silk by Japan, (15) sisal by Yucatan, Mexico, (16) sugar by Cuba, (17) sulphur by the United States and Italy, and (18) tin by the British colonies in the Federated Malay States, Australia and Nigeria.

The main objects of the control were first, the desire to obtain public revenue in the form of export tax, second, to maintain or increase the profits of the producers of the raw materials in the form of the regulation of production or marketing for the purpose of enabling the producers to obtain higher prices than they would otherwise obtain, and it has involved government action designed to furnish the means of such regulations; and third, to foster and extend domestic manufacturing industry or to favor domestic industries by enabling them to secure raw materials at a lower price than their foreign competitors have to pay.

In the case of abaca, the schemes of control should be concentrated on these two main objectives—to maintain a fair price for the producers and to foster the industrialization program of the Commonwealth through the National Development Company.

It must be remembered that in the Philippine Tariff Act of March 8, 1902, the United States Congress created a discrimination by remitting the Philippine export duty upon abaca when it was shipped directly to the United States for use and consumption therein. The discrimination lasted until 1913, when the United States Tariff Act of October 3, 1913, abolished export duties in the Philippine Islands and the discriminatory feature accordingly lapsed. At present the abaca fiber is on the free list but not its manufactures—cordage, twine, etc. which are subject to limitation and export tax. The reasons for this is to favor the home industry of the United States.

At present we have the sad experience of having a natural monopoly of abaca without any influence at all in the regulation of its price to protect the producers and to diversify our home industry. In economic parlance monopoly means the absolute control of the supply, and with this absolute control together with the analysis of the demands and costs, price would be fixed at a point that would bring the greatest profit to the producers. We could not do this to our monopoly of abaca because there is no regulation of the supply due to lack of concerted action of the producers, and the marketing side is controlled by foreigners who are well organized financially and collectively. The remedy for this is the National Abaca Corporation.

THE idea of creating a National Abaca Corporation similar to



Cutting abaca for stripping

Natic, would be a wise move on the part of the government. The place of abaca in our national economy, the present poor condition of the industry reflected by the abnormal low price of the abaca fiber and the natural monopoly of the plant enjoyed by the Philippines, justify such scheme of government control and regulations. Every industry has its own problem peculiar to itself affected specially by its nature of production, consumption, and distribution. No set of standard scheme of government control or regulations can be set up which could be applied to all industries. Consider, for example, the application of the National Rice and Corn Corporation into the abaca industry in the form of the National Abaca Corporation. The success of this scheme will depend more on the technique of the administration of the corporation rather than upon the form of organization. The type of man who will handle the scheme of control would decide the success and failure of the system. The price of rice is easy to control because it is a basic commodity with fixed demand and is produced only for local consumption. Whereas in the case of abaca, the problem of price control is rather complicated. But our monopoly of abaca puts us in a better position regarding the price control.

The adoption of compulsory cooperation among the abaca producers can not be over-emphasized. Of all the export products of the Phil-

ippines, abaca has the longest channel of distribution, that is, it has the most middlemen—it reaches as far as seven middlemen when the product reaches the final consumer. The manager of the fiber inspection service says that "if the distribution of the market value of abaca is investigated and analysed, it will be found out that the owner of the abaca plantation hardly gets three per cent (3 per cent) of the price paid for fiber in the market." The problem of distribution is the key to the solution of the problems and the producers must cooperate together.

An important factor that must be considered is the constant fluctuations of prices of abaca as compared with the other Philippine products. The price of abaca is always subject to speculation that the market is always the buyers' market. This is because the local and foreign consumers in England, the United States and Japan are all well organized and could fully influence the market at the expense of the unorganized producers.

Compulsory cooperation alone is not sufficient, but it must be synchronized by education and supervision of production. It must be remembered that the price fluctuations and depression of abaca is not due to overproduction, but to relative production. Certain grades of abaca are overproduced while other grades are underproduced. The producers do not follow the requirements of the consumers of each particular market. This is due to ignorance as well as to the too much independ-

ence of the producers. Small producers constitute 90 per cent of the total having from 5 to 20 hectares. Only in Davao and in Camarines Sur where big plantations are located and modern production is followed. This illustrates how stabilization of price could be affected by adopting compulsory cooperation coupled by the regulation and supervision of the producers as to the method of production and kind and quality of the product to be put in the market.

Price stabilization could be affected also by means of surplus control by the corporation. The amount of carry over of the previous year practically influenced the market price of abaca from month to month. It is considered that the carry over of 150,000 bales is normal. Using this as the barometer, price could be controlled by taking care any amount either above or below this normal figure. Observation of the price behavior shows that if the carry over is above 150,000 bales the tendency of the price is downward and if it is below the 150,000 the tendency of the price is upward. Using this as the barometer or the index of normalcy giving of course sufficient allowance for other factors, the price of abaca can be reasonably stabilized. The total normal production for a year being 1,200,000 bales and 40,000 bales of this amount are consumed locally for the cordage industry.

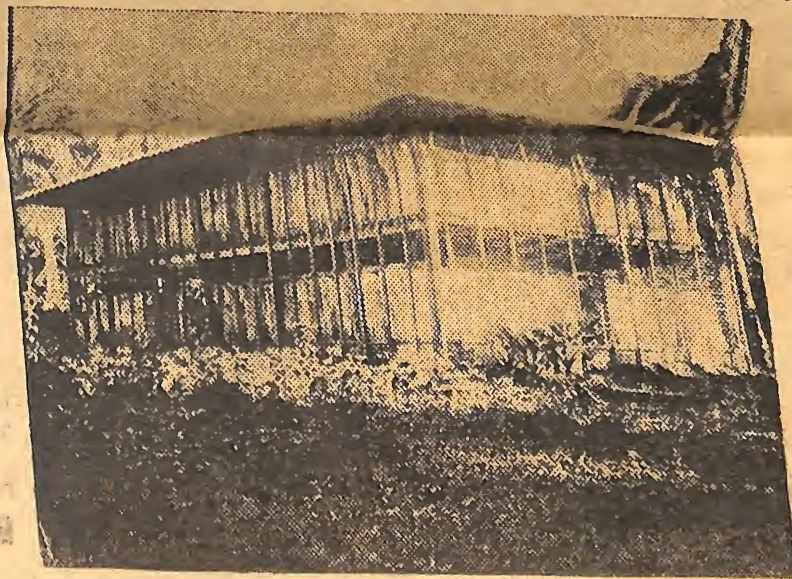
* * *

THE other factor that could be derived from such corporation is the establishment of reliable statistical information that would serve as the basis of price forecasting. The demand for abaca is mostly influenced by the cordage industry which is in fact influenced by the business cycles. Price forecasting is now possible by the analyses of the different indexes of the business barometers. With the present analysis of the price fluctuation of abaca it is found out that business depression does not influence very much the trends of abaca price in the foreign market of consumption, but to a great extent by the technique of the market and speculation. The demand being not so elastic as to the progress of business conditions and with reliable statistics, the possibility of the pre-determination of demand like that of rice is possible and hence price fixing could be stabilized at a reasonable amount for the good of the consumers and of the producers interest. At present, statistical data for price fixing and stabilization is sadly lacking.

Price stabilization should not be attempted by limitation of production in the case of hemp. Price stabilization by limited production unreasonably means higher price to consumers with greater profits even to the poorest or marginal producers. This method would not only discourage improvement in the technique of production, but it would also encourage competition or substitution. If the consumers will be forced to pay unreasonably higher price by limiting the supply, they will be forced to find supply somewhere or to use a substitute. This will endanger our natural monopoly of abaca.

The National Abaca Corporation could be also instrumental in the solution of the present anomalous marketing problem of abaca by adopting a system of warehouses by which the producer could deposit his product in case of depressed price and adopt the system of warehouse receipt as a system of financing the producers. The poorest

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An abaca dryer



Has the HUMANE TOUCH Failed at the COMMONWEALTH FARM?

by VICENTE F. BARRANCO

THE basic idea in the establishment of the penal colony, officially known as the Commonwealth Farm, in Muntinlupa, Rizal, has something to do with the recent scandal in which an inmate, Rafael Fernandez, of the notorious sugar quedans case, is involved. If it did not directly cause the alleged scandal, it at least helped open certain valves that gave vent for likely commission of things like that. It is to be regretted that in such a well-conceived proposition as the penal farm, the occurrence of an unpleasant news had to mar its operation, but then it is because, not in spite of its being a model farm, that the case came up.

Conceived in 1936 by Gen. Paulino Santos, then director of the bureau of prisons, the Commonwealth Farm became the pet project of the administration. It was planned on the experiences of penal farm management in Iwahig and Davao, with a few more improvements thought of by the officials added to make it a model penal colony.

The farm is a forty-five-hectare country of rolling topography of cogon-covered hillocks, mango groves, shrubs, and a creek. It is separated from the main town of Muntinlupa by a natural elongated hill that forms like a massive wall running approximately one-third the distance around the penal farm. Upon this wall a wide gateway has been cut by prison labor, and from this opening, a dusty road unfolds down to the town about a kilometer away. Laguna de Bay, quiet and serene, stands far away to form a picturesque background of the town and the penal colony.

Upon entering the Commonwealth Farm through this main



Lt. Gualberto Peralta, superintendent of the farm. (Courtesy, Foto News.)



Top, entrance to the Commonwealth farm; middle, a prisoner, at leisure; below, the duckery which produces more eggs than the prisoners need. (All photos, courtesy of the Foto News.)

gate cut through the tremendous bosom of an elongated hill, the visitor breathes fresh, pure air from the hills and surrounding countryside. He senses, not the feeling of men in iron chain but of souls living in the lease of freedom and easy existence.

THE atmosphere about the place translates in its own language the essence of the farm: freedom. Here 850 convicts, some serving life terms, are made to feel that they are not tethered by penalty, but are in all ways made to forget that they are prisoners and should feel like those outside the wall of hill and beyond the gate and the guard. In the Muntinlupa convicts' village, the inmates enjoy comparatively more privileges than their fellow prisoners in Bilibid. They wear the regulation blue suit with white stripes, but their daily routine and the way they are administered allow them certain freedom of action in the village and subsequently give them the consciousness that they approximate the lives of free men.

This manner of administration has been partly outlined on human psychology. The treatment of prisoners that is divested, wherever possible, of the rigour and strictness of dealing with condemned men, not only gives inmates a feeling of ease but arouses in them hope. That, in the opinion of administrators, is a more effective factor in reforming the misguided and the erring hearts.

This has been proven true. Reforming convicts by avoiding rigid discipline of the rifle and the stick has been effective in majority of instances in the Commonwealth Farm. The prisoners are remarkably docile, tame and good-natur-

ed. They are rather happy and in their sense of security, they take their daily task in earnest.

Next to making them feel more like free villagers in one vast rural community than prisoners with armed guards watching their every step, the convicts in Muntinlupa are taught how to be self sufficient. They live together as people in a *barrio* who should till the farms, build roads, catch fish, raise vegetables, make their own furniture, in order to live. Each one has his task in community living.

For this purpose, the 850 inmates of the Muntinlupa Farm have been grouped into the various departments: public works, duckery, agriculture, carpentry, mechanical and others. They meet their own needs. They eat fruits and vegetables raised in their farms. They make their own household furniture in the carpentry shop. They have a tile department where roofing materials are made. Some are assigned to the public works to make roads and bridges and dam in the village. The convicts in Muntinlupa have better meals than those in Manila, for the former have vegetables and duck eggs aplenty. The duckery produces 20,000 eggs each month. Excess production is sent to outside markets, and thus the Commonwealth Farm has been a profit-making proposition. Many orders for tile roofing materials, chairs, poultry products and ashtrays and flower-pots designed artistically by prison hands have been received from outside, and the farm's cash mounts.

THE villagers have been grouped into two: the living-in and the living-out groups. The former are housed in the big building, are po-

liced and live a more regulated life. The latter live separately in small houses scattered about the farm. They enjoy much more freedom than the others. They keep their own house; they don't follow the rigid routine that convicts in the other group follow.

An instance of a privilege enjoyed by prisoners is that of a life-terminer, a bent old man from Cebu, who spends his spare time making ukeles and guitars which he sells to his companions or outsiders who place orders through the Commonwealth Farm officials. Many of the inmates are provided with "ukes" and guitars, and when they get together in an afternoon it's like the old merry gang back in the home-town.

Every Saturday evening, the whole village populace gathers in the theater for the regular weekly treat to a movie. The bureau of prisons makes arrangements for the showing of dialect talkies free to all the inmates in the Commonwealth Farm. Extra entertainments in the form of stage presentations, sometimes by the prisoners themselves, and lectures on social subjects by a guest social worker are provided, but the talkie show gets much of the Saturday evening time.

Such privileges and freedom as the Commonwealth Farm extends to its inmates can be carried to abuse. If the alleged swindle of P24,000 reportedly committed by one of the supposedly well-behaved prisoner, Rafael Fernandez, is true, may it not be supposed that it is due to the fact because more than enjoying the generosity of life in the Farm, he utilized his certain privileges and took advantage of the freedom allowed him?

In the meantime the court of justice as well as the bureau of prisons officials are jointly investigating the case, and whatever its outcome, there are bound to be reforms with regards to the administration of the Commonwealth Farm.

Three Phases Of...

(Continued from Page 5)

turned to go, but he held her back. "Let me go, Teroy," she begged. "Please let us forget everything." He did not let her go.

"You are going to be a doctor." There was a stabbing pain in her voice.

Only a brief cry, "Lilay," broke from his lips as with a rapid jerk he drew her to him encircling her quivering young body in his strong brown arms. He kissed her cheeks, her lips, her eyes, her throat. He was panting with feverish young passion. They clung together in one glorious moment of ineffable happiness. He held her close... closer... as if attempting to assimilate her wonderful being into his own soul. She did not resist. Half-sobbing, half-exulting, she whispered: "No... no... Teroy."

When she was gone, he felt a poignant emptiness. He sat down again at the *camachile* bough trying to recall that supreme moment in his young life. He watched the half-moon set. At sixteen, life was still a half-illusion to him. He had learned only half of its reality.

He sat there, dreaming of a city—of his future medical career. He was happy in beautiful expectations; he was so sure!

He did not know life yet. (Yes, that was ten years ago.)

III

IN a small stuffy room, reeking with the mingled odors of liquor and cigarette smoke, a man, haggard and wan from constant privations, sat trying to write. His eyes were sunken from lack of sleep; they stared fiercely at the white paper before him. He had not shaved for more than a week; his hair was long and unkempt.

(Continued on Page 13)

Staff Writer Finds, After An Inquiry, That On The New Prison Site, Prisoners Have Liberties Like Those Of Ordinary Citizens. Have These Liberties Been Abused?

WILL MONTILLA KEEP THE SPEAKER'S GAVEL?

By EUGENIO E. SANTOS
DMHM Staff Writer

Veteran Legislative Reporter, After Analyzing Situation, Draws The Following Conclusion: Montilla Will Remain At The Helm

TOO many speculations have been made in the newspapers, in the downtown cafes, and even in the barber shops as to who the next speaker of the National Assembly will be. By and large, these speculations have made wild guesses. Most of these guesses would eliminate Speaker Gil Montilla from the leadership of the Assembly, while not a few anticipate that he would retain his post. I belong to the latter group and I predict that the "old, silent man" will wield the gavel for the next three years.

Political prophets are everywhere to be found nowadays. This is the natural consequence of pre-electoral days. Speaker Montilla, occupying as he does the third most important elective post under the Commonwealth, can not escape being a focal point of national interest.

Speaker Gil Montilla will, I think, have quite a harder time in being re-elected in his district in Occidental Negros than in retaining his present office. Even so, Montilla is still conceded the favorite candidate in his district. Once reelected, the speakership will come to him in the natural order of things.

In the first place, judging from the present preparations now being made by the Nationalist party, no new men will come to the next Assembly with the idea of disputing the gavel of the chamber. To be precise, Resident Commissioner Quintin Paredes, although sure of his election in Abra, would not aspire for the speakership with that office shorn of its former powers. And even if he wants to, he will still have a hard time getting all his former followers into line. It is a herculean task to do it under the present relationship obtaining between the executive and the legislative branches of the Commonwealth government.

It is an admitted fact that in line the economic program of the national government, a stronger Chief Executive with a docile legislative body is the most desirable arrangement. This is the best way to insure the smooth running of the government, a necessary condition for the success of the complete home rule grant-

ed to us under the terms of the Tydings-McDuffie act.

Of course there are those who demand that the speaker possess a high degree of assertiveness. Such a speaker we can not have under the present arrangement. We can only attain this ideal when the Philippines is politically independent and the Chief Executive of the land is responsible only to the people and to nobody else. Since the President of the Philippines is still responsible to the United States for the success of the Commonwealth, it would be unwise for him to share his leadership with the two other branches of the government when he is to be the sole individual accountable to the United States for the success of the new government.

PRESIDENT QUEZON will need Speaker Montilla more in the next National Assembly than in the first. For during the second half of his administration, he must necessarily be a stronger executive with the National Assembly working solidly with him. Montilla's loyalty, either to the President or to his colleagues in the chamber, has never been found wanting. His subtle way of pleasing everybody and making a success of it is a virtue which very few politicians possess.

Now, we come to other speakership timbers like Secretary of Finance Antonio de las Alas, suave and subtle in his political dealings, or Secretary of the Interior Elpidio Quirino, dominant and determined in his political maneuvers. They are at this writing all out of the race as they have not yet announced their intention to run for a seat in the Assembly. Sugar Administrator Rafael Alunan, majority floor leader once in the former house of representatives and therefore also a possible speaker, has likewise not given us any definite assurance regarding his return to active politics.

Tactful Assemblyman Manuel Roxas and handsome Floorleader Jose E. Romero are not candidates for the speakership. They, too, at least the former, have a much higher aspiration.

Other present leaders of the chamber, outside of Speaker Montilla, I believe, have not won the good graces of the President,

whose advice and counsel will be the dominant influence in the next Assembly.

The legislative crisis caused by La Union Assemblyman Camilo Osias, who has assailed the President on the Zandueta appointment, could have been prevented if only the loyal members of the chamber raised the question of order while Osias was revealing the proceedings of the commission when this procedure was contrary to its rules, has shown Montilla's tact. He did not put the fighting solon out of order without any member raising the question of order. It would have been quite improper for the speaker to do it on his own initiative, even if he had the right to do so.

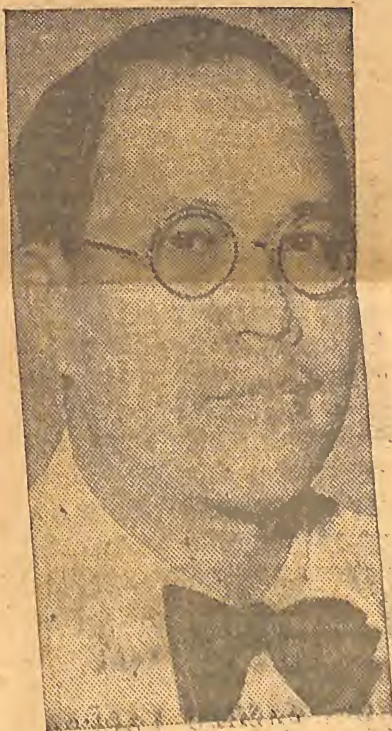
President Quezon, titular head of the Nationalist Party, was allowed to be violently criticized and censured on the floor of the chamber. It was a few days after that they began to realize the greatest parliamentary discourtesy they had committed against the man who is protecting and promoting their political interests.

WITH this situation in the Assembly as it is, it would be foolhardy to predict that the next speaker will be other than Speaker Montilla. A leader who is not thirsty for power does not hurt or offend his colleagues, and that man is the incumbent speaker. Dubbed as the old, silent man who does not speak much but gets things well done, Speaker Montilla is the man that gets things done in the Assembly.

So many criticisms have been launched against Montilla, either by the outsiders or the legislators themselves, yet he has been elected President of the Nationalist Party and chairman of its executive commission, the directing body of the party. He has been granted by the President the powers and prerogatives enjoyed by former speakers of the defunct legislatures in order to maintain his good relationships with the President and with his colleagues in the chamber.

Montilla is a well-seasoned politician. It is true some people who do not like him speak and talk against him secretly. No one can assail his record in Philippine politics. From municipal president to speaker of the first National Assembly, Montilla has climbed step by step up on the poli-

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ANTONIO DE LAS ALAS
Secretary of Finance



RAFAEL ALUNAN
Sugar Administrator



ELPIDIO QUIRINO
Secretary of the Interior

P. I. Officials Who Have Won Foreign Decorations

By A. J. Agbayani



PRESIDENT QUEZON

China bestowed on him the Order of the Brilliant Jade

NO law granting a title of nobility shall be enacted, and no person holding any office of trust shall, without the consent of the National Assembly, accept any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever from any foreign state.

Under this Constitutional inhibition in our local Bill of Rights (Section 9, Article III), four P. I. Commonwealth officials have so far been allowed to accept foreign decorations from Belgium, Egypt, China, and French Indo-China and to wear the corresponding insignias of the respective orders thus conferred. The lucky recipients are His Excellency, President Manuel L. Quezon; Major General Basilio J. Valdes, deputy chief of staff, P.A.; Captain Ciriaco Carillo of the coast guard service; and Felipe Cuaderno, assistant director, Bureau of Posts. It became the "task" of the First National Assembly to act on the bills and resolutions dealing with foreign decorations.

The highest honor in the gift of the National Government of China for foreigners is the Order of the Brilliant Jade. This the Chinese Republic conferred ceremoniously upon our Chief Executive when he stopped over in that country last year enroute to Washington, D. C. to confer with U. S. President Roosevelt on the Independence question. The Order of the Brilliant Jade, which is bestowed only upon a few heads of foreign powers by the Chinese government, consists of a red cravat with a white border. President Quezon headed the list of the 1937 New Year honors. Others given Chinese New Year decorations in 1937 were the following:

Guglielmo Marconi, celebrated Italian inventor of the wireless; Jose de Macedo, Brazilian foreign minister; Sir James Arthur Soares; M. V. Munters, Latvian foreign minister; Luis Gurgel de Arnaral, secretary general to the Brazilian

foreign ministry; John Erik Evald, Swedish minister to China; M. C. Prall, former secretary to the Norwegian legation; John R. Mott, former secretary general to the International Y.M.C.A.; William M. Chadbourne, president of the China Association in America; Richard C. Patterson, director of the China Association in America; Martin Wronsky, president of the German Lufthansa Airline; and President Juan Trippe and Chairman Cornelius Vanderbilt of the Pan American Airways.

The announcement that President Quezon was going to be decorated by the Chinese government was made in Nanking on January 4, 1937.

It was on December 21, 1937 when a bill (No. 2759 filed by Dr. Benito T. Soliven, assemblyman for the first district of Ilocos Sur), passed by our unicameral legislature, was un-

President Quezon, General Valdes, Mariano Jesus Cuenco, Felipe Cuaderno And Others Have Been Decorated By Alien Governments And The Holy See

ceremoniously enacted, "without Executive approval," President Quezon purposely and discreetly avoiding action on it because he was personally affected. Due to a well established practice, the bill automatically became a law (Commonwealth Act No. 252) because the bill to that effect was not acted upon with a fixed number of days after its passage by the National Assembly. A presidential veto on the bill should have been improper and unusual on the part of the President. It would have been an insult upon the Chinese nation, which was always been generally friendly to the Philippines, if President Quezon vetoed that piece of legislation whose announced purpose was to promote "international friendship and understanding."

That was not the first time that the greatest living Malayan patriot and Chief Executive received high foreign decorations and honors. Thousands of people still remember how he appeared so handsomely with two big 8-point stars pinned on the right side slightly below his breast during the P. I. Commonwealth inaugural 35 months ago.

MAJOR General Basilio J. Valdes has won the distinction of having been allowed to receive two foreign decorations ever since the Constitution of the Commonwealth has been in operation. Before the institution of the present government, this handsome French-Spanish-English-Tagalog speaking high officer and surgeon in the Philippine Army had received military decorations for distinguished service in the Philippines and in Europe. Under the Commonwealth, he was conferred the Order of Commandeur du Dragon de L'Annam by the Government General of French Indo-China and His Majesty, the Emperor of Annam. Likewise he was honored with the order of Officer of the Order of the Belgian Crown conferred upon him by His Majesty, the King of the Belgian in "appreciation of services rendered."

The Governor of Indo-China was here in the Philippines on a goodwill visit when the Governor General of the Philippines was Dwight F. Davis, donor of the Davis Cup. The Philippine Government assigned him to accompany the visiting Governor General because of his linguistic ability.

Due to his mastery of the lan-

guage of diplomacy (French) again and because he was a scientist, he was assigned to accompany and help King Leopold (then Prince and Duke of Brabant) and his Royal Consort, on a scientific cruise, particularly to gather rare Philippine butterflies. I will never forget that royal visit because I was able to interview the Belgian monarch despite his announcement that he would not give any direct press interview in Manila. I was then a water-front reporter of the Manila Daily Bulletin and the Bureau of Science was one of my regular "beats." It so happened that I was in the Bureau of Science building when the Belgian prince was being shown the exhibits of that scientific center by Director William H. Brown, the late Leon Ma. Guerrero, and one local American scientist, who is an authority on Philippine butterflies. The Belgian royalty, not realizing that I was a press representative and he, believing that I was probably scientist of some sort, talked with me about his profound love for butterflies. My interview with him was a front page story in the Manila Daily Bulletin.

Of all the officers of the Philippine Constabulary, Major-General Valdes was the most qualified to accompany the royal visitor from Belgium. General Valdes is a handsome gentleman, very pleasant to talk with, a reputable surgeon, well travelled, and cultured. A lover of tennis, this recipient of two foreign decorations was a captain and first assistant to Col. Keller in the American Red Cross (1917-1918) and chief surgeon in the Military Hospital (Arc-En-Barrois Haute) in Marne, France (1918-1919). In the Philippine Constabulary, he held successively the ranks of First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Surgeon, Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Surgeon, Brigadier-General and Chief of Constabulary. A contributor of scientific articles to a couple of local journals, he is an associate member of the National Research Council, prominent member of the Colegio Medico-Farmacaceutico de Filipinas, the P. I. Medical Association, and the Manila Medical Association. He was formerly a professor in the medical college of the University of Sto. Tomas. It was Assemblyman Cuenco who sponsored the bill authorizing General Valdes to receive the

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OTHER RECIPIENTS OF AWARDS



SEC. MARIANO J. CUENCO
Awarded de Papal medal Pro
Ecclesia et Pontificie



FELIPE CUADERNO
Decorated by the King of Egypt



GEN. BASILIO VALDEZ
Officer of the Belgian Crown

at her parents often, but she did not become impatient with him. Then when he was about to go, he said, "We are coming to your place early tonight. We shall make pinipig." He walked back to where his carabao stood waiting patiently and he took its lead-rope and slapped its rumps playfully and then shouted "Hi-yan," and the carabao and the sled lumbered away.

Talia returned to her work, but for a long time she could not leave off thinking of him and she thought often how funny he was because he was very awkward. She had seen him only four of five times and he had not yet spoken to her more than a dozen words, but she already knew from his friends that he was in love with her. Last night and thrice before that, he and his friends had come to serenade her. She had asked him to sing last night, but he had said he didn't know now, and his friends coaxed him and she looked at him and at last he said he would. He only got half way through, then he broke off. His friends had tried to make up for it, but she had told them it was all right.

* * *

THE old man and his family went back to the house to have their dinner, but they stayed only for a very short time. Soon they were back in the fields. The afternoon had grown almost unbearably hot and heat waves danced and fanned the dusty fields. The people were still at work and there was not much talk or laughter as in the morning.

Late in the afternoon the young man passed by on his way again and he stopped for a moment. When she saw him she smiled and he smiled back, but he did not come to her side. She went to work again, but every now and then she would turn her head to look at him and he was still there. He grinned every time she glanced in his direction, but she did not think that he was grinning like an idiot. For her mother had noticed him and had asked her, "What is the matter with Ciano? He is grinning like an idiot," but she said this not unkindly.

It was already quite dark when they came home loaded with sheaves of palay. Julian stacked them in a corner of the yard while Talia went up the house to cook their supper. The couple who owned the house came home and Julian and his wife rested and chatted with them in the yard. Talia could hear their voices and she wanted she was out in the yard too where the darkness and the cooling wind soothed their tired bodies. But she wondered when Ciano and his friends were coming and maybe there would be a little fun afterwards. She did not feel very tired any more and she wished she could take a bath in the river, but she knew her mother would forbid after a whole day out in the sun.

They came after supper and she met them in the yard. Her mother was up in the house making her youngest child sleep and her father had gone to the village. She did not feel very constrained

Will Montilla...

(Continued from Page 14)

He has been governor, representative, and senator, and on top of all these...

HARVEST BRINGS LOVE

(Continued from Page 6)

because her father was away and in a moment she was chatting and laughing with the two girls who had also come. The young men found seats on a log near the ladder and they talked, while one idly strummed a guitar. Then afterwards someone suggested that they make pinipig and the others said "all right," and they made ready the mortar and pestles while Talia went up the house again to get the bag of half-ripened palay she had gathered. Soon three young men were pounding the rice. Ciano wielded an old, heavy pestle and his bare arms rippled as he swung the pestle.

Talia sat on the lowest rung of the ladder and beside her, Aldo talked in a low voice. He had managed to get her aside from the other girls and now he was talking earnestly to her. Sometimes she would look up at Ciano and see his strong, muscular arm and his body swaying a little. She listened attentively to the young man talking to her and sometimes she smiled a little, but she did not talk much.

Afterwards, while she winnowed the unhusked grains, Ciano came over to where his friends sat and he said, "How?" and Aldo looked at him and said that everything was all right. "She and her folks might be leaving soon," Aldo said and at this Ciano became somewhat anxious. "The harvest is nearly done and they'll be leaving soon," said Aldo. "Yes," mumbled Ciano and shook his head a little and wiped off the perspiration from his face and arms. "I hope she stays longer," he said again. The other replied, "I'll hurry her up a little." Talia came back and saw the two talking about her, but she made as if she did not notice them.

* * *

CIANO hardly talked to her the while they crunched pinipig and chatted and laughed. At times she would ask him a question and he would mumble something in reply, but he did not come near

her and only looked at her from where he sat some distance away. One of the girls sang and the guitarist nodded his head in time and munched. Ciano thought that it would be funny if someone were to shovel pinipig into the singer's mouth as she reached a high note and he smiled broadly. Talia caught him thus smiling and she imagined he was getting into the spirit of the fun. Aldo sat beside her and seemed to be earnestly pleading.

Old man Julian came home and he seemed good-humored for he had taken some drinks in the village. He stopped for a while in the yard and looked around at the young people and as his presence seemed to have dampened their fun somewhat, he said, "Go on, folks, don't mind me." He stayed for some time longer and then he went up to the house. Ciano had been watching him and then when he was gone, he wanted very much to go near Talia and speak to her and make her laugh because he had found out that the old man was not as grouchy as he had imagined. But he did not leave his seat. Then after a while his cheerfulness began to ebb away and he became silent and watchful again.

Then when they were leaving, Ciano said, "Are you going away soon?" and Talia said, "Yes, they were." They lived in another village quite far away and they had only come for the harvest. "Next week?" he repeated. "Maybe a little later," she replied. It was already near midnight and cocks were crowing shrilly from the neighboring farmhouses. They left and took the trail to the village and one young man sang on the way. They hurried because the girls said their parents might scold them and when they came to the village, they parted company.

In the succeeding nights, Ciano and Aldo and several other friends went to see Talia and sometimes they came back again

near dawn to serenade her. Often during the day Ciano would pass by near where she was harvesting and he would stop and exchange a word or two with her. She was always kind to him and he took courage and helped her and her mother gather in the sheaves. Old man Julian was not very friendly, but sometimes he paused awhile to speak with him.

One day Aldo said to him, "Talia is coming with us tonight," and Ciano looked dumbly and after a while he asked if he meant that night. "Yes," said Aldo. "We'll go there about midnight. She will come away with us." Ciano felt happy all day, but he did not go to the field where Talia was working.

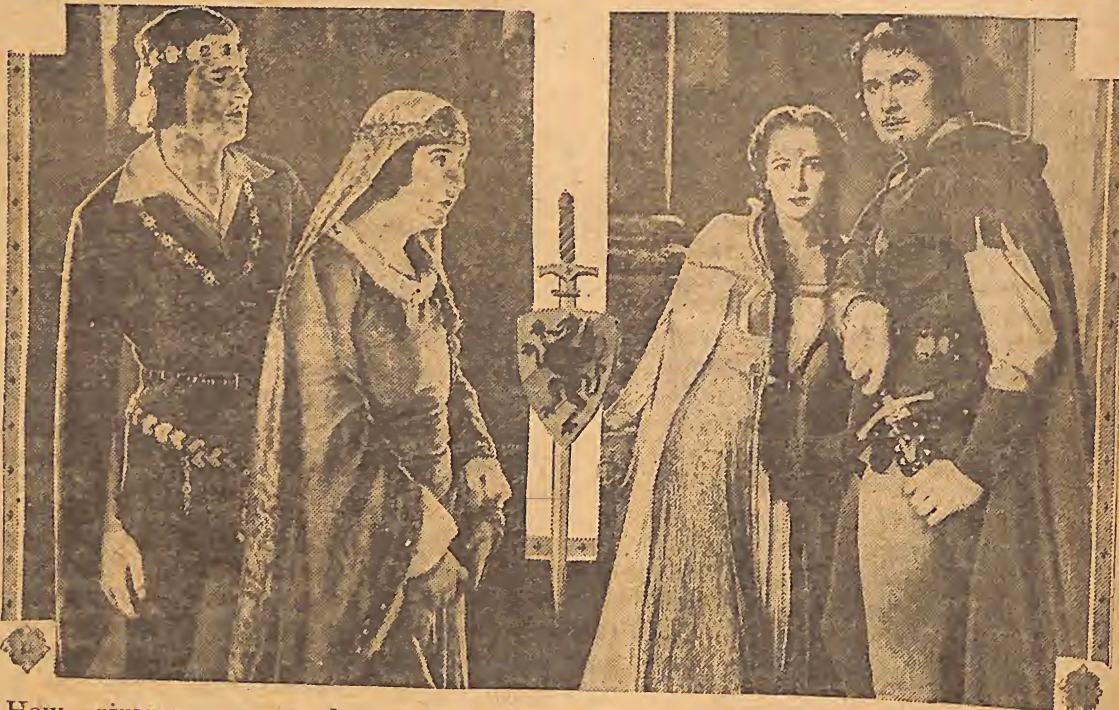
But that night Talia did not go away with them. The two friends hid near the house waiting for her to come down ready to take her away. The moments dragged slowly and all around them in the bushes the night insects chirped monotonously. But the house remained quiet and dark. Then Aldo said again, "Maybe she has not heard the signal," and he whistled again, but even after they had waited for some more minutes to pass, she did not come down from the house. Aldo was getting nervous, but the other remained unmoved and silent. "Maybe she has fallen asleep or she has become afraid," said Aldo. The night air was becoming chilly and mosquitoes buzzed in their ears and bit them and Aldo cursed under his breath.

The next morning Ciano saw Talia and she told him that she could not come away with them last night because she had become frightened. She had told her father a little and the old man had asked her to tell Ciano to come to him. The young man stood unmoving for a long time and then he said, "I'll come and see your father tonight," and he hoped the old man would be in good humor. Then he said "Hi-yah" and the carabao, eased forward. "Hi-yah, hi-yah," he said again and Talia thought that his voice sounded cheerful and she hummed a little.

ROBIN HOOD IN THE MOVIES

YESTERDAY AND TODAY—

Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett in a scene from the 1922 version of "Robin Hood." (Right) Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn head the cast of Technicolor picture "The Adventures of Robin Hood" for which a new and original story was written around beloved old legends. (Mat 306—45c)



ROBIN HOOD! How strange the fascination, how thrilling the sound of these two words—the legendary name of a hunted outlaw—beloved by thousands of Englishmen.

Well may it thrill, for "The adventures of Robin Hood..."

sung and re-sung in ballads and has come down through the centuries—an incomparably fascinating story.

With this wealth of material did two Warner Bros. writers sit down to fashion the script, the picturiz-

Messrs. Raine and Miller, when assigned to do the screen play on Robin Hood, discovered a great wealth of material through which they waded with mounting enthusiasm. After suggesting several dozen different versions...

Filipino Officials..

(Continued on Page 15)
two decorations.

ANOTHER recipient of a Belgian decoration is Captain Ciriaco Carillo of the local coast guard service. He was given the order of *Chevalier of the Order of the Belgian Crown* from the King of the Belgians a few years ago. Captain Carillo was then in command of the P. I. government cutter that was used in the scientific cruise by King Leopold, who was hunting for rare Philippine butterflies. The cutter was given through the courtesy of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the Governor General here at the time.

Personable, modest, and big-sized Old Salt, this fair complexioned ship captain is not yet well known to the public in general. Even waterfront reporters do not know much about his life beyond the fact that he is the trusted Skipper of the *Arayat* and that he was the real terror of illicit alien immigration in southern waters a few years ago. As far as the writer knows, Captain Carillo was never mentioned in any "who's who."

FELIPE Cuaderno, hard-working assistant director of the Bureau of Posts, is the holder of a decoration conferred upon him by His Majesty, King Fuad (now deceased) of Egypt for attending the Xth World's Postal Congress held in Cairo from February to March, 1934. Mr. Cuaderno was the lone Filipino delegate to this international confab, which was attended by the representatives of 88 nations. He was designated by Governor Murphy. The meet was very significant in that the Philippines was treated like an independent state, the P. I. postal service being independent from that of the United States of America. From Cairo Mr. Cuaderno continued his trip around the world, at his own financial expense, and made observations in big post offices of Europe and America.

Mr. Cuaderno is a good example of an industrious and silent Filipino official. You can see him working in his office in the 2nd floor of the Bureau of Posts even on holidays. He has always time and attention for anybody who visits him in his office. If it were not for the Constitutional proviso compelling all Filipino officials to get permission from the National Assembly before finally accepting foreign decorations, the public should have not known of the Egyptian decoration offered him.

The public career of Mr. Cuaderno has been linked with the Bureau of Posts, which he has been serving during the last 20 years. He was one of those assigned to the Bureau of Posts when Governor Francis Burton Harrison started his Filipinization of government personnel. Entering the government service 26 years ago as clerk, he has served in the former Bureau of Navigation, the Executive Bureau, the Philippine Commission, and the office of the American governor general. He holds the Ll. B. degree.

Among the other Oriental "Envoys Plenipotentiary" in the Cairo convention were the Hon. Huan Naishi, postmaster general of China; Dr. Chang Hsin-Hai, minister plenipotentiary of the Chinese Republic to Portugal; Dr. Victor Hoo Chi-Tsai, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of China to Berne, Switzerland.

The Egyptian kingdom recognized the important work of Mr. Cuaderno, who was the whole P. I. delegation himself (China had 9 delegates). During the Congress, Mr. Cuaderno had to work almost daily from 8 p. m. to 3 a. m. to prepare for the session the following day. Of the measures favorably acted upon in that universal postal congress, and

COMMENTS

ON CONTEMPORARY LIFE

By ALFREDO E. BALINGAO

IF FLOWERS COULD TALK—

THE meadows and gardens cover a much wider space than all the streets and buildings on the surface of the earth. There is a wider blanket of living green than all the skins of mankind put together. This could mean one thing: *Creation, from the First Effect millions of years ago to such age when life can no longer exist in any form on this planet of ours, is ever growing and beautiful.* Being beautiful, there seems to be no reason why it should be scorched in our homes where its spirit has taken refuge, made its cradle, written its music, and become the hope and the light in our eyes.

There are millions of wild and domestic flowers on earth. There is, for instance, the morning glory that now flirts with the sunshine as bells court your conscience, your faith and your love. Do you observe how it enjoys playing with the cool morning air? Do you see how its pink builds chapels at sunset as if the world were kneeling before its five-lobed corolla in the darkening sky? Do you notice how sweetly it takes life? How many hearts has it quickened? How many songs has it given to the bumble-bees, our hedges and the sky?

Morning glories have no quarrel with the world. They have no hates to nurse or to hide. They live. They are glad. If they could talk—if they had tongues and could talk to us now—they would want to take our seats and show us that peace, freedom, life and love do not consist in silks and jewels and looks but in the spiritual wealth of the heart.

Why do flowers have fragrance? Why their bloom? Beauty does not bask in the sunlight like the idle prayers of souls forlorn. It serves a better purpose. Flowers know, in the silence of their sylvan loveliness, that they are here to make life real and sweet. There is a sense of eternal youth on petals, smiling in the breeze, in the dew, in the rain, or in the cruel summer heat.

If flowers could talk, I repeat, they would make us blush because we have never learned to live as they do, in spite of our higher intelligence. Our emotions are struggling still with bristles that may not be death.

Three Phases Of The Moon

(Continued from Page 13)

his clothes stinked with the odor of dried sweat and dirt. He was ugly to behold.

His teeth were set firm as if trying to hold back the tears that were welling from his dulled eyes. His face was twisted with unspeakable pain.

He had written only one line, yet his mind was shrieking with long pent-up emotions. He could not write them; his fingers were trembling.

"Yes, twenty years ago, little Teroy; ten years ago, hopeful Teroy! Where is your moon now? Where are your dreams now? Yes, I have clung to illusions all my life. Life is an illusion, unreachable as the full moon of little Teroy. There was once a moon at the foot of an

which Mr. Cuaderno worked actively with the other delegates for passage include (1) the reduction of 20 per cent of the transit charges on closed mail, (2) the abolition of the transit charges of 5 centimes on each piece of mail matter sent in open mail, and (3) the abolition, of the warehousing charge of 50 centimes per sack of mail, which enabled the P. I. government to save around P14,000 on such charges every year. There were 1,600 propositions submitted for consideration by the delegates.

Explaining his case to Floor Leader Jose Ozamis of the National Assembly, Mr. Cuaderno wrote partly

old balet tree; there was once a half-moon over our heads; there was once a doctor! Reality snatched them from me. What is Reality? Back rent? Fruitless job-hunting? I am penniless, dirty, hungry, helpless, dying! That's what I am. That is Reality! Reality... God!... O God!"

He looked at his filthy surrounding, at his ragged clothes; he felt his head burning. His hands were cold.

"I have been cheated! I have been betrayed!"

"God... forgive..."

The single line he had written on the sheet before him grew dimmer and dimmer to his eyes. It was the beginning of a farewell note:

"Tonight, there is no moon..."

as follows:

The medals awarded during the closing session of the Postal Congress at the Abdin Palace, when the Acts were signed, were of different orders or rank. As I could not accept the award at the time, or without previous authority, I failed to get the order of the medal awarded to me.

The late King Fuad I, father of the present Egyptian ruler, gave the awards.

Mr. Cuaderno was fully empowered by the P. I. government to take part in all the deliberations of the Universal postal congress, vote, and

Promoting Our...

(Continued from Page 16)

the ability of the manager—the success constitute 85 per cent of the ability of the man to be selected. (3) The producers might not like to submit to such a control or might not be able to cooperate to the scheme of control and organization to be set up in order to realize the aims and objectives of the Corporation.

On the other hand, the corporation should receive the cooperation and encouragement of all concerned because it will give us these benefits:

1. It will be instrumental in the stabilization of abaca price by eliminating the unjustifiable speculation that greatly influenced the present market movement of abaca price.

2. It will shorten the channel of distribution by adopting producers cooperative marketing, thereby giving them the greatest portion of the profit margin.

3. It will help the industrialization program of the National Development Company through its price concession in the marketing of the surplus that will put the company, on a position beyond competition.

4. It will be instrumental in the collective effort of the producers to improve the industry through governmental action.

5. It will gradually lead to the nationalization of the channels of distribution. At present the marketing of abaca is controlled by the Chinese, Japanese, Americans and English firms from the place of production to foreign markets.

6. Developments of new products with superior qualities.

7. Better statistical data and knowledge.

8. Improved financial condition of the producers, with possible saving of improvements and painful readjustments.

9. Raising the level of quality of the abaca fiber.

10. Improving distribution between foreign markets.

11. Advertising and the development of our markets.

12. Collective bargaining is possible.

13. Maintaining favorable public relations by collective action on the part of the producers.

With our monopoly of abaca and the present practices of planned economy adopted by every nation, we could not remain on a let-alone policy, but a collective action is necessary to help this major industry.

sign conventions, agreements, and protocols and they actually signed the acts drawn by his fellow envoys plenipotentiary.

PRIVATE citizens of the Philippines receiving foreign decorations are many. Even before America planted its flag in the Philippines, Filipinos received foreign decorations now and then from many lands, particularly Spain, which, before the present war and revolution, honored the Filipino Manila-to-Madrid fliers, Juan Calvo and Antonio Arnaiz, with fitting decorations. The Commonwealth Government also authorized the President of the Philippines to bestow decorations, upon these two intrepid aviators in recognition of their epochal feat. The Honorable Mariano Jesus Cuenco, secretary of Public Works and Communications, is the holder of the much coveted papal medal, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*. So are Doña Sergia Valle of Cebu and a dozen other Filipinos. A mayor in Mindanao, Santiago Artiaga, is also the holder of a beautiful decoration from a foreign government in recognition of his services while acting mayor of the City of Manila.

Most of the foreign decorations conferred upon Filipinos are in recognition of military service and religious work.

Hits from Songland

CONDUCTED BY Belmonte C. Florentino

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

Dedicated to Carmen Raymundo of Balagtas by F. Cruz; to Merceng of Alhambra by M. Antonio; to Amparing by Augusto; to Fely by Nena; to Auring by Stony; to Zita and Glory by Geling; to Angel by Belflor; to Miss Choleng Agustin of R.B.C., by Pedring Reyes.

Most books inspire a great ambition
To gain position and fame,
I'll reach the goal I seek without books,
All other outlooks are tame,
It's love I'm after.
I don't want to be a millionaire,
The only thing on the earth for which I care is love,
For love and laughter,
I'd give ev'ry thing that I possess,
The perfect synonym for happiness is love,
Rich men, poor men, beggar men,
Thieves, feel the way I do,
Because each one of them believes
He'll find somebody like you,
It's love I'm after
It may make me rise or make me fall,
But it's love I'm after.

ONCE IN A WHILE

Dedicated to Ey Ey Si of SPESTA by Eme Efe Ele; to Rosy Adams of Alhambra Theatre of Baguio by someone far away; to Josie Gutierrez of Bureau of Plant Industry, Baguio, by Sweet Someone; to Charming Ines Soriano by Jazmin del Campo. Requested by Auring Santos.

Once in a while,
Will you try to give one little thought to me,
Though someone else may be,
Nearer your heart,
Once in a while,
Will you dream of the moment I shared with you,
Moments before we two,
Drifted apart.
In loves smouldering ember,
One spark may remain,
If love still can remember,
The spark may remain,
I know that I'll
Be contented of yesterday's memories,
Knowing you'll think of me,
Once in a while.

THERE is no question that Dr. Lin's book has charm. In fact, it fairly oozes with it. One can well imagine American club-women rolling their eyes in ecstasy after reading it through and sighing: "How marvellous!" I am not exaggerating, but I believe that Dr. Lin's book will be the talk of this year in the various women's club meetings throughout America, for it is exactly the sort of book that would appeal to women—in particular, American women.

One might even say that it is essentially a feminine book: it is the kind of wisdom derived from intuition rather than from intellect. In short, Dr. Lin does not make the pretense of being an academic and systematic philosopher, and one is not surprised at that either, knowing very well that Dr. Lin is an avowed admirer of that great mad genius, Nietzsche.

Personally, I must say that I, too, like Dr. Lin's book immensely.

For one thing, it is very readable, and readability as everyone knows, is a virtue that one would hesitate

to ascribe to many books. Dr. Lin is always so interesting that although one may not agree with everything he says, one nevertheless is always impressed by the way he says it. In fact, reading him is not unlike listening to some wonderful conversationalist: he

WITH ALL MY HEART

Heartily dedicated to Miss Cristi del Rosario by Pepito; to Miss Conching Eliescas by M.D.L.

With all my heart I say
I love you dearly,
For I am yours sincerely
With all my heart,
With all my heart, without a why
or wherefore,
You're all I'll ever care for,
With all my heart.
And if I were lyrical, I would write a song,
Telling of the miracle, the day you came along,
And every night I'll tell the stars above me,
To say again I love you,
With all my heart.

MY HEART IS YOURS

Dedicated to Miss Siemang Lim by Pedring Francisco; to Miss Remy Reyes by Fely Francisco.

Love for you was born in me,
We are tied in destiny,
My heart is yours,
Though the deepest seas run dry
Though the stars desert the sky
I shall never sigh,
Although we've parted,
Because my heart is yours,
They say that love is a flower,
That bloom's an hour or two;
But I will be in your power,
Just as long as you're you,
Ever as the end of day,
When our youth has slipped away,

THE ONE I LOVE

Dedicated to Miss Aurora Cordero of San Pablo, Elem. School, Laguna, by Someone Who Cares; to Zita of U. P., by Simplicio Roque; to Anita Isidro of Pasay by Fred Mirafior; to Charing Macaranas, by Geling.

The one I love,
Is coming along some day,
And I have none except the one I love,
She may be near,
Or ever so far away,
But I have not, except the one I love,
And though our meeting
It left to chance
Until our meeting I still
Will keep our dream-romance
And thru the night I prayed

TEARS IN MY HEART

(Requested by Margarita del Mundo Especially for Amparing C. Salazar.)

Tears in my heart,
O how my soul cries for you!
I'm just a poor broken-hearted.
Tears in my heart,
What lonely nights I live through!
My empty arms call for you.
Once there were moonbeams
That used to dance around my . . . heart;
Now I here storms clash
A lightning flash, and a thunder crash . . .
O where can there be
Another love just for me
To change all these tears in my heart to joy.

ROMANCE IN THE DARK

Dedicated to Miss Aguida Diaz of Surigao by Jesus P. Alban; to Epistherma Ferrer of Agusan by Phil. Roqueflor; to Cristina Guanzon by Versing; requested by Naty Garcia, to Miss Florine Carrascal by C. N. Hular.

Romance in the dark with you,
All at once I know darling
love was near,
I thrilled to my finger tips,
I could feel your lips,
darling on so near,
The music was so entrancing
the lights all began to fade,
I said to myself "keep dancing"
only my heart obeyed,
A flame flew from just a spark
when I found
Romance in the dark with you.

TONIGHT WE LOVE

Dedicated to Miss Naty V. Polecina of Mira-Pol's Beauty Parlor by Isidro David Canlas; to Engracia B. Flores of Singalong by Amado de Leon; to Socorro Gaviola by Filing Perez; to Doming by Titos.

Tonight, we love, tonight with you,
My heart will soar above into
Your eyes rule the stars,
They pause in their flight,
And gaze with delight at you,
Tonight we love,
I'm yours, you're mine,
We know the meaning of the

To the moon above
To please be kind
And find the one I love.

TRUE CONFESSION

Dedicated to Bella David of Far Eastern University by Cesar Espina; to Emiliana Bantug of S. F.N.E., by Gene; to Jesusa Santiano by Pepe Franco; to Josefa Sanchez by M. Galang; to Estrella Talens by Santy; to Orang by Benny; to Poten by Geming; to Lolita by Brat, and to Miss Concepcion Fernandez by Ben.

I have a true confession
To make to you alone
It's all about the way I love you,
And adore you my own
I've tried to seek expression,
For this desire I feel
You've made a very deep impression
That my heart must reveal.
Let me confess what I feel for you
The dreams that I dream,
I'd even lie and steal for you
Or go to most any extreme.
This is my true confession,
I swear by the stars above,
And now you're in complete possession,
Of my secret love.

YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY HEART

Dedicated to Helen Janinzen of Lardizabal St. by George Martin; of C. M., U.P.; to Cecilia Mecali by Benjamin Manansala; to Florita Catulay of Surigao by Simplicio S. Roque; to "Four Musicians" of U.P. by Vicky; to Biring by Tin.

You took the words right out of my heart,
And it was like a bolt from the blue,
You took the words right out of my heart,
When you said "I love you"
I stood in a daze awhile
For I felt that way too,
The moment I saw you smile
I heard the words and you in my heart,
There wasn't room enough for two
You took the words right out of my heart,
And left only room for you.

word "divine,"
Tomorrow's a dream and
yesterday's a memory,
But, tonight we love.

Book Review

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING
By Lin Yutang, (Reynal & Hitchcock: New York.)
Pp. xvi & 460, 1937.

Reviewed by T. K. CHUAN in Tien Hsia Monthly

choice of diction, so much so that one is almost willing to concede that whatever he says must make sense.

Dr. Lin says, for example, that the trouble with the world at the present time is that people do not have enough leisure, and that if they only knew how to enjoy themselves properly, not only their personal problems, but all social problems would be solved. Now, if such a statement had been made by a serious student of the social sciences, one would immediately cry out: "Bosh and nonsense," but as it came from Dr. Lin's pen, one is perhaps not so sure that it may not have been right after all.

Dr. Lin calls himself an Epicurean, and Epicureanism, in his opinion, is far from being a bad philosophy of life, if it is only understood correctly. To quote:

"He who preaches any kind of doctrine must be prepared to be misunderstood, as the Epicureans

ple fail to see the essential kindness of spirit of a Stoic, like Marcus Aurelius, and how often the Epicurean doctrine of wisdom and restraint has been popularly construed as the doctrine of the man of pleasure! It will at once be brought up against this somewhat materialistic view of things, that it is selfish, that it lacks totally a sense of social responsibility, that it teaches one to enjoy one's self merely.

"This type of argument proceeds from ignorance; those who use it know not what they are talking about. They know not the kindness of temper of such a lover of life. Love of one's fellowmen should not be a doctrine, an article of faith, a matter of intellectual conviction, or a thesis supported by arguments. The love of mankind which requires reasons is no true love. This love should be perfectly natural, as natural for man as for the birds to flap their wings. It should be a direct feel-

healthy soul, living in touch with Nature. No man who loves the trees truly can be cruel to animals or to his fellowmen.

"In a perfectly healthy spirit, gaining a vision of life and of one's fellowmen and a true and deep knowledge of Nature, kindness is the natural thing. That soul does not require any philosophy or man-made religion to tell him to be kind. It is because his spirit has been properly nourished through his senses, somewhat detached from the artificial learning of human society, that he is able to retain a true mental and moral health. We cannot, therefore, be accused of teaching unselfishness (?) when we are scratching off the earth and enlarging the opening from which this spring of kindness will naturally flow."

All that, of course, is very fine—very fine, indeed; but what Dr. Lin does not see is that to enjoy life, one must first of all be assured of a livelihood. To arrange flowers a la Yuan Chunglang or to travel and enjoy nature like "Mingliotse" are, to be sure, excellent ways to kill time and ennui for persons who are well to do, but to tell people who haven't even a sou to their name to ape the charming ways of these charming gentlemen is no better than advising famine suf-

AMONG THE STARS



DEANNA DURBIN, Universal's young screen star, who will be seen shortly in "Mad About Music," which is coming soon to the Lyric. In the supporting cast are Herbert Marshal and Gail Patrick.



Stella Ardler and Isabel Jewel go hunting for a man in the farce, "Love on Toast," which is the next Capitol attraction.



Shirley Temple and Randolph Scott in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which is opening tomorrow at the Metropolitan.



Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn, who appear together in "Bringing up Baby," which is scheduled for exhibition at the Lyric.



Sonja Henie, who is starred in "Happy Landing," the 20th Century-Fox picture which is coming soon to the Metropolitan.



Bette Davis and Henry Fonda in "Jezebel," which is next at the State.



Bobby Breen, Radio's greatest singing boy star today, who appears with Juanita Quigley in "Hawaii Calls," an RKO-Radio musical hit which is booked for an early release at the Lyric.



Edward Everett Horton and Gracie Allen who are featured in "College Swing," which is billed for an early release at the Capitol.



Jack Holt in "Flight into Fear"